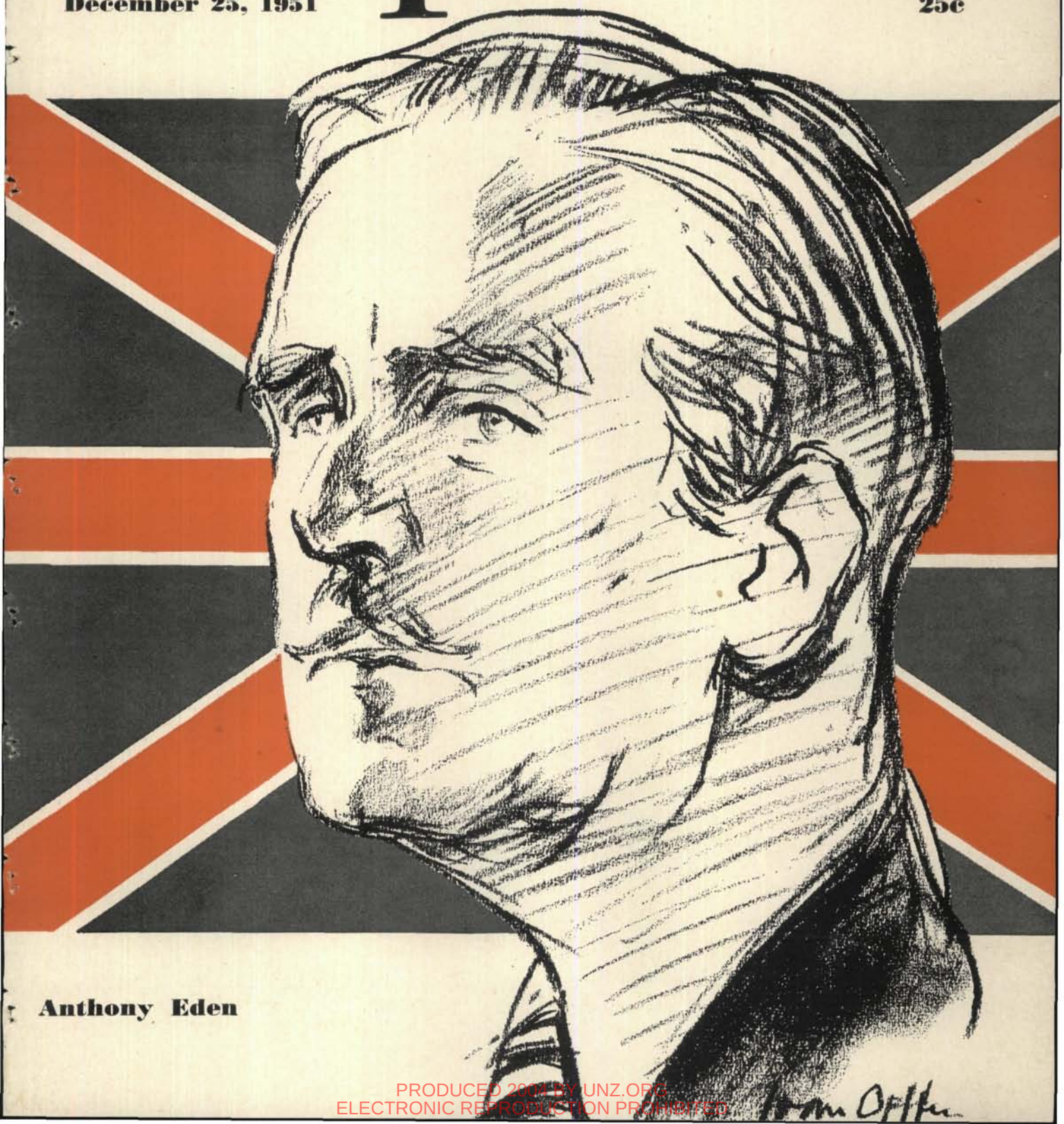
Interlocking Commonwealths

The Reporter

December 25, 1951 25c



Anthony Eden

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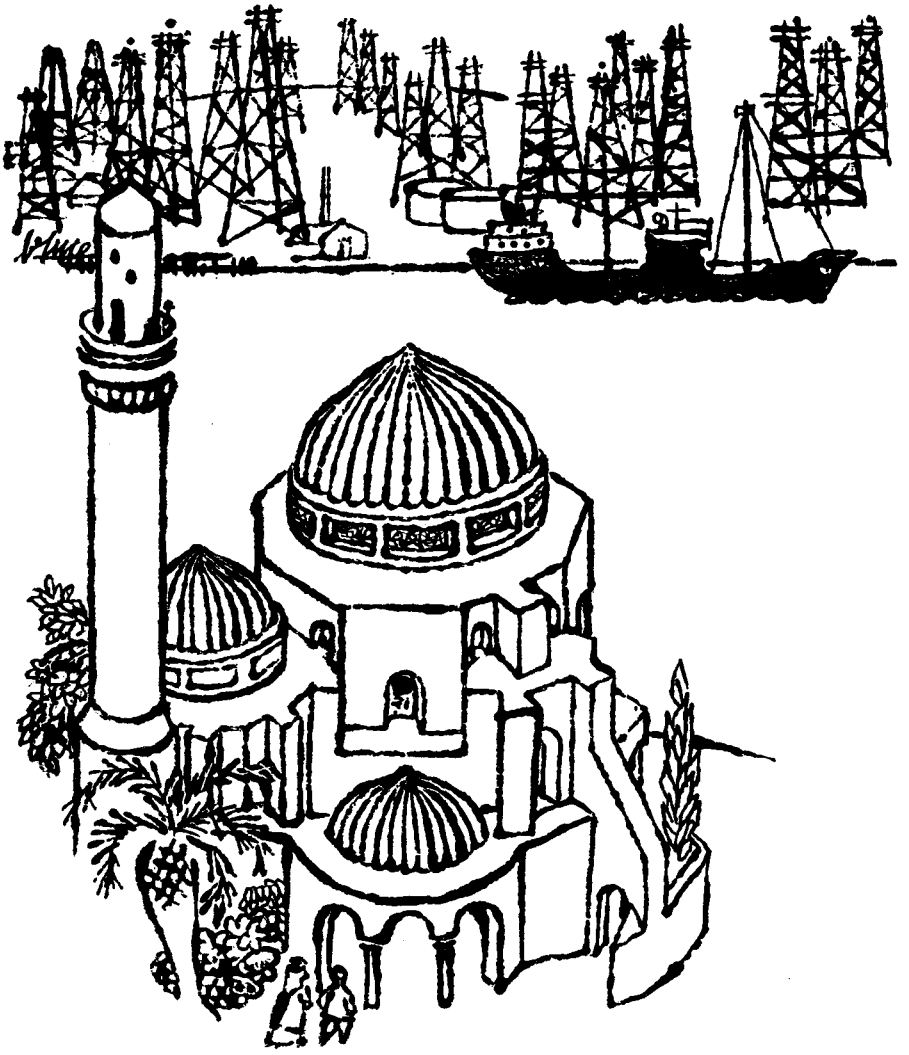

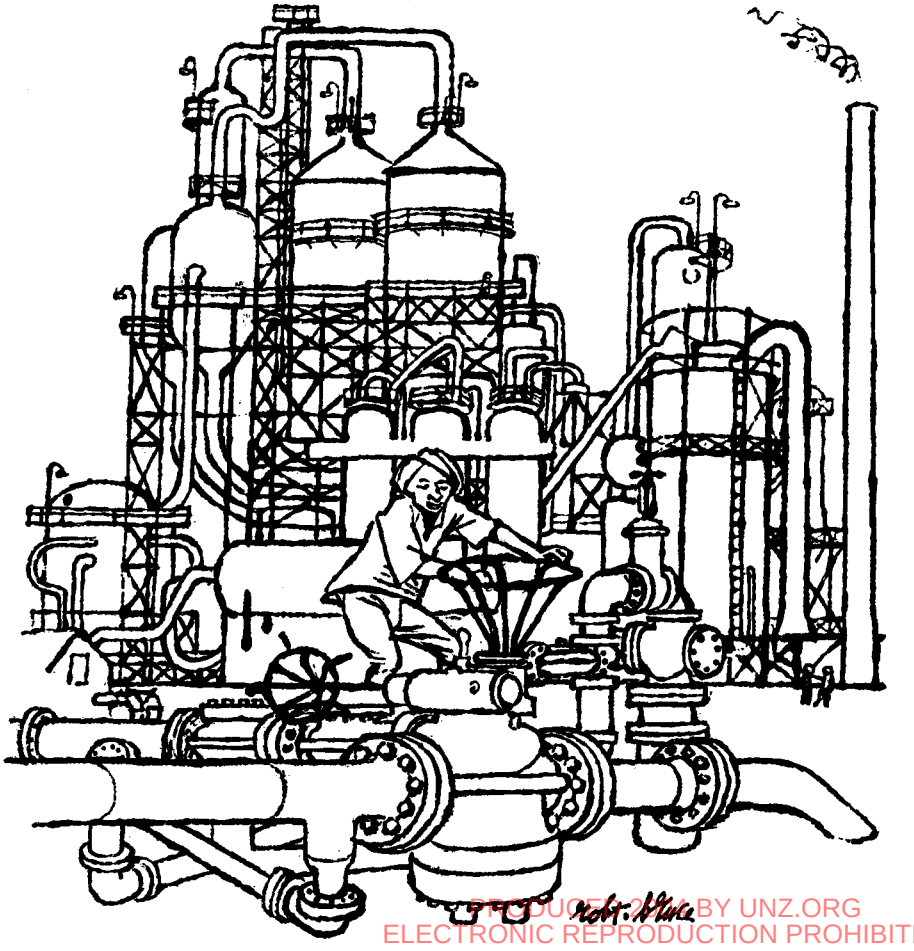

Symbols of Middle East strife: the minaret and the oil derrick (see page 28)

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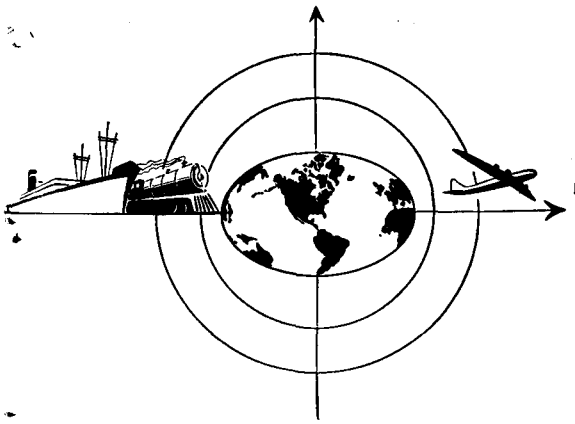

The Reporter's Notes

The Unlaughed Laugh

Not long ago our State Department and most of our journals and journalists of public opinion seem to have been caught completely unprepared by what, on the face of it, was one of the least guileful Russian diplomatic strokes of them all. On November 21 the Soviet Union accused the United States of plotting subversive activities within its borders and those of its satellites, through the instrumentality of the new U.S. Mutual Security Act.

Now if there is one international fact of life which we had supposed had been hit upon by some of the men whom the State Department pays to sit around taking long, clear-eyed views of the future, it is this: Even if the western disarmament proposals were adopted down to the last roving inspection team, the Soviet bloc would continue bombarding us and, more important, our less fortunate allies with its weapons of world-wide subversion and propaganda. Shouldn't we have been prepared to leap at the first chance to discuss this subject in Paris?

Apparently not. The State Department responded to the Soviet note by getting red in the face and spluttering that the charge was "groundless." We later agreed to discuss the matter before the U.N., but we have not made any countercharges, nor have we demanded a full-dress investigation of Soviet activities in the field.

Most of our newspapers likewise spluttered. The *Wall Street Journal,* of all journals, became rather alarmed and asked ". . . what right has the United States to influence the kind of government other people have?" (surely a new low in the warmongering that Moscow imputes to the group that paper represents).

Vishinsky's "laughter" over our disarmament proposals was heard around the world. Surely Acheson's laughter over the Soviet charge would have been shared by quite a few million more people—if only he had laughed out loud.

Sticks and Stones

The renewed reputation for statesmanship which Anthony Eden has acquired by telling his U.N. colleagues that it would be better to stop shouting shows how sick and tired we all are of invective. The dangers of talking too loud actually lie not so much in the offense to our opponents, who are thoroughly offended anyway, as in the damage we do to our own minds.

A Pole who became an Englishman once made this point very clearly. "As in political so in literary action," wrote Joseph Conrad in *A Personal Record,* "a man wins friends for himself mostly by the passion of his prejudices and by the consistent narrowness of his outlook. In order to move others deeply we must deliberately allow ourselves to be carried away beyond the bounds of normal sensibility—innocently enough, perhaps, and of necessity, like an actor who raises his voice on the stage above the pitch of natural conversation. . . . But the danger lies in the writer becoming the victim of his own exaggeration, losing the exact notion of sincerity, and in the end coming to despise truth itself as something too cold, too blunt for his purpose—as, in fact, not good enough for his insistent emotion."

We commend these words to politicians, and to those who listen to politicians and, in the end, pay for their mistakes.

Not from Mars

A little while ago, a man called Peter Grainger got himself inducted into the Army down in New Mexico, and the papers printed his picture because he said he had never heard of the thing we call the Army or of a thing we call war.

He had lived all his life, he said, up in the hills where he had never seen shoes, automobiles, or books nor had even possessed one of those little boxes that bring music and jabber out of the silent sky. Also, he had never seen a woman. Peter Grainger seemed the perfect "noble savage," the ideal "natural man"—straight out of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Endowed with intelligence—the tests gave him three points above the requirements for Officers' Candidate School—projected suddenly into the midst of our modern world as from another planet, he seemed supremely equipped to report upon our affairs with a fresh, unprejudiced eye.

We were sure that he would find nothing new to say about woman. But if he could be questioned about our politics and wars what would he say of the spectacle? With what new simplifying courage might he not face it? We shall never know.

As soon as he was inducted into the Army, Peter Grainger went AWOL, and so nobody could ask him any questions about anything. Anyway, his was too neat, too literary, a situation to be real. They caught up with him after a while walking along a lonely road in Ontario. It turned out that he was a man of our times all right: He had fought through North Africa, Italy, and France, and the trouble with him was that he had been wounded in the head.

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CORRESPONDENCE

EMIT

To the Editor: Your November 27 issue demonstrates a certain tendency on the part of both editors and readers to take the weekly newsmagazines, their mis-, mal-, and non-feasances, and their lovable little foibles entirely too seriously (see the first note on page 1, and Edgar M. Peterson's letter on page 2).

Sir, let me declare that the publications in question are much better ignored, or merely dismissed with the moderate lift of an eyebrow. You overdignify them by your notice; they are not, let me remind you, the *Times* of London.

I can remember that just a decade and a half ago *Newsweek* was staging a desperate struggle for mere survival. Vincent Astor bought the publication from an original group of disillusioned stockholders for a moderate sum, and in the months immediately following, the cynical referred to *Newsweek* as the *Astor-risk*.

As to the flagship of the Luce journalistic fleet, I never can look at its masthead without thinking, in a paraphrase of one of the most objectionable radio plugs I ever heard: "Remember—*Time* spelled backward is *Emit*."

VICTOR WILTZ
Louisville

OBJECTIONS

To the Editor: The spirit of D.B.W.'s article, "The Russians Aren't So Clever," (December 11 issue) seemed so foreign to *The Reporter's* usual constructive approach that it left me with the feeling I had picked up the wrong magazine by mistake. Its singularly cynical and negative tone and its numerous questionable and oversimplified statements struck me as most unfortunate.

As an example of its cynicism, I cite the paragraph characterizing the European desire to be a bridge between East and West as "a new way of describing an age-old policy of small nations, the policy of playing one great power off against another." This callous dismissal of a genuine and deep-rooted sentiment is followed by the assertion: "In the field of domestic politics this attitude of compromise seemed to make possible the avoidance of labor disturbances and revolutionary movements which no government was able to face boldly." This statement certainly is inapplicable to Britain, the Scandinavian countries, and Holland; and even in the case of France and Italy I fail to see that there is any necessary connection between it and the preceding statement.

Another example of cynicism is this: "The American theory was that only inefficient government and poverty could open the way to Communism, and that to set up a democratic régime and better the living conditions of the masses with doses of greenbacks would make any given zone safe for democracy." Aside from the offensive phrasing, this comment runs directly counter to the frequent *Reporter* emphasis on the need for more constructive efforts in this very direction instead of the single-minded stress on military strength. Moreover, to follow this statement with another—"In South Korea the Americans tried to install the best government they could and bring about some prosperity . . ."—is to choose a most unhappy and questionable illustration of supposed American policy, *vide* (or would the author say *vive?*) Syngman Rhee.

As to the writer's remarks on the possible neutralization of Germany, I object on the following points: (1) ". . . in France, where for some reason the bugbears of the past continue to share the outlook of today." Here again is a cynical dismissal of a very real and certainly not-to-be-sneezed-at fear, considering postwar developments in Germany as outlined in *The Reporter's* own articles. (2) His contention that Russian proposals for German neutralization last spring would have been "a trick" which would have tempted the French and embarrassed the Americans, and left Germany helpless before an assumed Russian occupation later.

The author urges us not to be discouraged, because the Russians aren't so clever. Yet his own attitude, which appears to be that clever or not they never propose anything except as a "trick," in preparation for the moment when ". . . war need no longer be avoided, but indeed may actually be provoked in order to attain the final goal of world-wide Communism"—this attitude is profoundly discouraging and resembles all too closely the sterile rigidity of our present policy, in which negotiation has become a synonym for appeasement.

LUCY H. DAMON
New York City

ON GENERAL WILLOUGHBY

To the Editor: I was particularly interested in the letter from Waldo Heimert of Boston in your December 11 issue quoting General MacArthur on war correspondents. "No group or segment of men I have ever known," said MacArthur in Seattle, "have greater admiration of mine than the war correspondents. . . . The war correspondents fill an enormous niche in wartime, as their counterparts do in peace."

Mr. Heimert's communication was singularly well timed, for just as *The Reporter* reached the newsstands, MacArthur's intelligence chief, Major General Charles A. Willoughby, launched a scurrilous attack in the pages of *Cosmopolitan* magazine on two of the outstanding members of the profession—Homer Bigart and Hal Boyle. Along with Willoughby's extraordinary article was an endorsement by MacArthur himself: "General Willoughby's story, 'The Truth About Korea,' is of the greatest importance because the entire effort to distort and misrepresent the causes leading to the existing situation represents one of the most scandalous propaganda efforts to pervert the truth in recent times."

These statements speak for themselves, and they reflect very accurately the state of mind of the headquarters to which the American people entrusted the all-important task of occupying and democratizing Japan. I suggest that we will hear more of that egregious error later.

As to Willoughby's article, its inconsistencies have been pretty well dealt with in the daily press: how his headquarters wasn't supposed to know anything about what went on in Korea because it was understaffed and too far away, but nevertheless was all-seeing and all-knowing when it came to successes—the landing at Inchon, for example. His characterization of Boyle and Bigart—"both the rough-and-ready frontline type, recognizable by a cigarette hanging precariously from a corner of the mouth while the straps of the steel helmet are never fastened. (This sartorial touch is *de rigueur* at the front.)"—is particularly insulting. Quite apart from the fact that Boyle smokes cigars, the general, if he were anything but a rear-echelon fluff, would know that there is a sound reason for leaving the web strap of the helmet unfastened, and that not only correspondents but *all* combat men wear the helmet in that fashion to prevent the possibility that nearby blast will result in a broken neck.

Even as a rear-echelon fluff, Willoughby exposes himself as negligent. One would think that every G-2 worth his salt had studied the Battle of the Bulge in minute detail. Willoughby shows clearly that he has not. "For instance," he writes, "during the Battle of the Bulge *the division involved* [italics mine] lost more than sixty per cent of its strength in fourteen days . . ." What ignorance! The Battle of the Bulge, even in its opening phase, involved the U.S. 2nd, 99th, 106th, 28th, and 4th Infantry Divisions, plus a combat command of the 9th Armored Division and a cavalry group. Any alleged intelligence officer who doesn't know that ought not be writing diatribes against correspondents known for their accuracy.

C. B. GUARD
Brooklyn

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

Now that *The Reporter* has come out for the European army and strengthening the Atlantic community, it feels that it is not enough merely to register these needs. In future issues, articles will take up the obstacles to the realization of the great projects in the Atlantic world and will examine what, in spite of the political parties, is the attitude of the European people toward them.

Theodore H. White is a European correspondent for this magazine. . . . **Louis Duval** is the pseudonym of a European writer who has had long experience with American as well as European policymakers. . . . **David Schoenbrun** is correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Paris. . . . **Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber** is a frequent contributor. . . . **Robert S. Elegant,** author of *China's Red Masters,* is on an extended tour of Southeast Asia. . . . **Walter O'Hearn** is U.N. correspondent for the Montreal *Star*. . . . **John Rosselli,** now traveling in Italy, has contributed previously to *The Reporter*. . . . **Albert A. Brandt** is the pen name of a prominent lecturer on Middle Eastern matters. . . . **Alexander Melamid** is an economic geographer who specializes in oil. . . . **Leonard J. Schweitzer** is now free-lancing in Germany. . . . **Gerald W. Johnson,** biographer and former editorial writer for the Baltimore *Sun*, wrote *Our English Heritage*. . . . **Beverley Bowie** is on the staff of *Pathfinder*. . . . **Theodore Draper** writes frequently for this magazine on Latin-American subjects. . . . Cover by **Ivan Opffer;** inside cover drawings by **Robert Bruce.**

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MAX ASCOLI

Interlocking Commonwealths

It was supposed to come before the end of the war or during the twilight between war and peace—the great era of international lawmaking, of new institutions to regulate the behavior of nations. San Francisco, one of the most beautiful cities on earth, offered the perfect setting for the constituent assembly. We all know that the constitution—or Charter—that was written there over six years ago has not so far proved to be a turning point in the history of mankind.

And now, practically all of a sudden, we find ourselves in the constituent era, the era when new types of supranational organizations are being shaped, although not by constitutional assemblies or parliaments. Voluntarily or driven by despair, the statesmen of the western world, particularly of western Europe, have set themselves momentous objectives to be attained at a fantastic speed.

It all started in the traditional way that diplomacy in our time prescribes: There were speeches by western statesmen, meetings, publication of official papers, and speeches again. The Schuman Plan was announced, then the plan for the European army; General Eisenhower made a speech in London; Secretary Acheson and President Truman made speeches in several places. Then, a few weeks ago, the independence and rearmament of Germany were deferred until the time when the Schuman Plan and the European army actually start operating. The progress of these two generous, farsighted projects from blueprint to action can now be measured by the ticking of a time bomb.

There is an awesome do-or-die quality in this adventure. The Europe that must be united within a matter of months is a mutilated Europe. The European nation that is potentially the most powerful is also the one that most violently resents its mutilation. It is also the nation that has ravaged Europe. But unity—at least in some key sectors—must be achieved before the nationalisms that are already rampant in all European countries get the upper hand, before the United States Congress becomes too hopeless about the state of affairs in the European nations, before those extraordinary men, such as Schuman, Adenauer, de Gasperi, are engulfed by the tides surging from the Right and the Left. Seldom has such an adventure been undertaken by men who, far from being adventurers, are sedate conservatives, well-advanced in years, bent on rendering their last, best service to their countries.

For so many years, there has been so much talk of revolutions and turning points and trends and waves, we have run so short of words, that when a real revolution came it entered the newspaper columns almost incognito. To judge from the press and the talk of the well-informed, not much seems to be going on these days—aside, of course, from the inconclusive NATO conferences and the routine skirmishes of what is called "the cold war." We are approaching 1952, but our attention still seems riveted on what Russia may do one or two or three years from now. A strange combination of boredom, sophistication, and dumbness seems to distract the people-in-the-know from what is happening this day and month in our own half of the world.

The West is now going through one of those extraordinary periods in which the institutions that regulate the lives of nations and of people become malleable and take on unforeseen shapes—before being hardened again for centuries to come. We had better keep our eye on 1952—not so much because of what the Russians will do as because of what the pressure of events is forcing us and our leaders to do.

Warp and Woof of the West

Important as it is, the unification of Europe is not the only major institutional change going on in our world today. A united Europe, rather than an end in itself, can only be a power in the world as part of a broader whole. European patriotism or na-

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tionalism cannot become just the sum total of all the frustrated European patriotisms or nationalisms. The section of the European land mass that is still free from Communism can be viable economically and politically only if closely tied to its sea neighbors—the fellow members of the Atlantic community.

There is a process of weaving in our days, or rather one should say that there are several processes of weaving, each with different patterns and at a different pace. The texture of united Europe is bound to be different from that of the Atlantic community. There is no danger in differences, provided the process and the purpose are the same—to give greater cohesiveness to the scattered and enfeebled units of the West. Rather there may be a danger of too hasty and uniform a meshing of incompatible material.

This is the position that, to the surprise of many, has been taken by Winston Churchill and his Government. It was generally assumed, when the Churchill-Eden team regained power, that drama was going to be injected into international politics —something like the proposal of joint Franco-British citizenship of 1940 or a flamboyant drive for that unification of Europe which Winston Churchill had so eloquently advocated when he was Leader of the Opposition. We discover now, somewhat to our astonishment, that Winston Churchill is, first of all, a Britisher who is not likely to endanger the British Commonwealth of Nations now that the Empire has been all but liquidated. We also discover that, aside from being a superb rhetorician, he is the leader of the Tory Party. It is characteristic of the Tory mind to examine new trends with great and suspicious care and to see to it that, even if desirable, they do not sweep away the precious heritage of British traditions. A good fighting Tory like Churchill is never a yes man of history—particularly if it is history in the making.

Perhaps Churchill's critical conservatism is needed more in our time than his imaginative eloquence. Things themselves have a redoubtable revolutionary quality, and their impact on the western European statesmen produces a constant stream of proposals or plans of desperate daring. These plans can only gain from the critical check of a Churchill or an Anthony Eden—provided that criticism doesn't mean sabotage or obstructionism.

Above all, Churchill is concerned with the Commonwealth. He wants it to be, together with the United States and Europe, one of the three main props of the Atlantic community. Indeed, the Commonwealth, if Churchill and Eden have their way, can become the pivotal element of this community—a function it can perform only if it is close enough to and distant enough from both its partners, if it sees to it that America is not too bossy or Europe too impetuous.

Reciprocal Containment

In our time a new federal government of a sort must be brought into being in continental western Europe —or else. There is a looser confederacy of powers—the Atlantic community—that is awakening to the necessity of ever closer and better organized synchronization of efforts. No previous experience can help us define the emerging political order of nations. Indeed, who can even define the British Commonwealth? And finally there is the broadest and loosest association of all, which includes the enemy group of powers—the United Nations. This, too, has a function, although not the one dreamed of at San Francisco. At the current Paris meeting, it is clear that the General Assembly can soften, and no longer exacerbate, the expression of dissent.

One fact is clear: Every nation or group of nations is checked by others, in a system of reciprocal controls, or, if we may say so, containment—a mutual recognition of roles and responsibilities which is a basic requisite for co-operation. At the present time Churchill seems to be more anxious to contain the United States than to receive the American assistance he needs. Our relations with Russia are a case of containment at its rawest, obtained not through diplomacy but through arms, or the threat of arms, and propaganda, that form of mob diplomacy. It is equally clear that the emergence of blocs of nations will lead to some form of balance of power, which is the necessary condition but not the object of diplomacy. No one can ride a bicycle unless he knows how to keep himself balanced. But his balance hasn't much to do with his direction or his speed.

WE ARE truly living in extraordinary times and entering an extraordinary year. Seldom have the leaders of men taken gambles such as those that will make or break the nations of the West in 1952. All our basic words—peace, war, freedom, democracy—seem to have become outworn while things are now so terribly new. We constantly hear complaints about the lack of creativeness in art or in thought, while the facts themselves—the basic facts of our international life—have such a powerful novelty.

It is up to all the free people to recognize these facts and to act on them. Or else. . . . Or else we may, here in the United States, drop the whole adventure and let the West go down. We can do this by going through the next Presidential election as if it were just another Presidential election or a municipal contest.

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The Unfinished History Of the European Army

THEODORE H. WHITE

THE STORY of the European army began quite by accident, on a warm, pleasant August day in 1950 in the foothills of the Taunus Mountains, just outside Frankfurt. There, at the home of one of his press aides, "Honest John" McCloy, U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, explained to a dozen-odd handpicked newspapermen in deepest privacy that he was going back to Washington to report that the time had come for Germany to have an army—say ten divisions or so. The story of this luncheon, which was relayed to Paris almost instantly, was dismissed by the French as talk.

In Washington, McCloy's idea swiftly became more than mere talk. Those were the dark days of Korean retreat, and the Pentagon's staff planners were spinning the globe afresh each day. They had long since decided that western Europe could not be defended either with the slim garrisons of the occupation troops or the predictable reserves of the French. To hold off the Russians, Germany had to be armed to defend Germany. McCloy brought them support.

By the time, a few weeks later, that Robert Schuman, France's meek and benign Foreign Minister, arrived in New York for his September meeting with Mr. Bevin and Mr. Acheson, the need of incorporating Germans in western defense had become a primary article of American foreign policy. It had also become a subject of raging debate in France. The wounds of occupied nations heal slowly. A son of French Defense Minister Jules Moch had been murdered by the Gestapo; half a dozen men who sat in the Cabinet had fought Germany not once but twice. It was perfectly all right, said the French, to have Germans fight Russians and die in defense of France—Germans had always made superb mercenaries in the French Foreign Legion. But what McCloy proposed seemed to the French something else, something unheard-of in history—a One-Way Army, a German legion that would march only to the east but could be counted on not to march west. Given Germany's history, it was unlikely that a new German Army would be a docile tool of western policy; it was more likely that in five years it would stand square in the middle, between the Russians and the West, playing each of the great adversaries against the other for its own advantage.

Yet the pressure of America was insistent. It was impossible to deny American generals the right to brace their thin line with a dozen German divisions if France itself was unwilling or unable to provide sufficient bracing.

The Pleven Proposal

Thus, in October, the French wrestled with the problem and came up with their solution: the European army, named the Pleven Plan for Premier René Pleven. What Mr. Pleven did was take the most popular idea in French politics—European unity—and hitch it to the most distasteful idea—German rearmament. The Schuman Plan, the scheme for pooling western Europe's heavy industry in an international community had won electric support from the French public. Mr. Pleven proposed a similar plan for a new kind of international army. There would be no national armies as such, and hence no *German* Army, *German* corps, *German* General Staff, only an international army directed by a supranational authority, in which German soldiers would be accepted in the "smallest possible unit of command." Nor would France, he said, accept this European army until the Schuman Plan was ratified by all signatory nations.

The Pleven proposal had what in diplomacy is called a "mixed reception." The British ignored it; the U.S. Army considered it an out-and-out stall by the French (an opinion in which many Frenchmen who supported the plan concurred privately). Even the U.S. Embassy in Paris, with its strong affection for the French, was mixed in its opinion. The German generals, who sensed instinctively that the Pentagon had sided with them, were cool. But, because the whole alliance of America and France was at stake and because, after all, the war against Germany was still fresh in many men's memories, the Allies—including American generals—consented to delay recruiting of Germans while the plan was talked through.

Two-Ring Circus

The tedious talks that dragged on week after week for the next eight months had something of the quality of a two-ring circus. In Bonn—high above the Rhine in the snowy-white Petersberger Hof—French, American, and British generals met with two German generals who only six years before had

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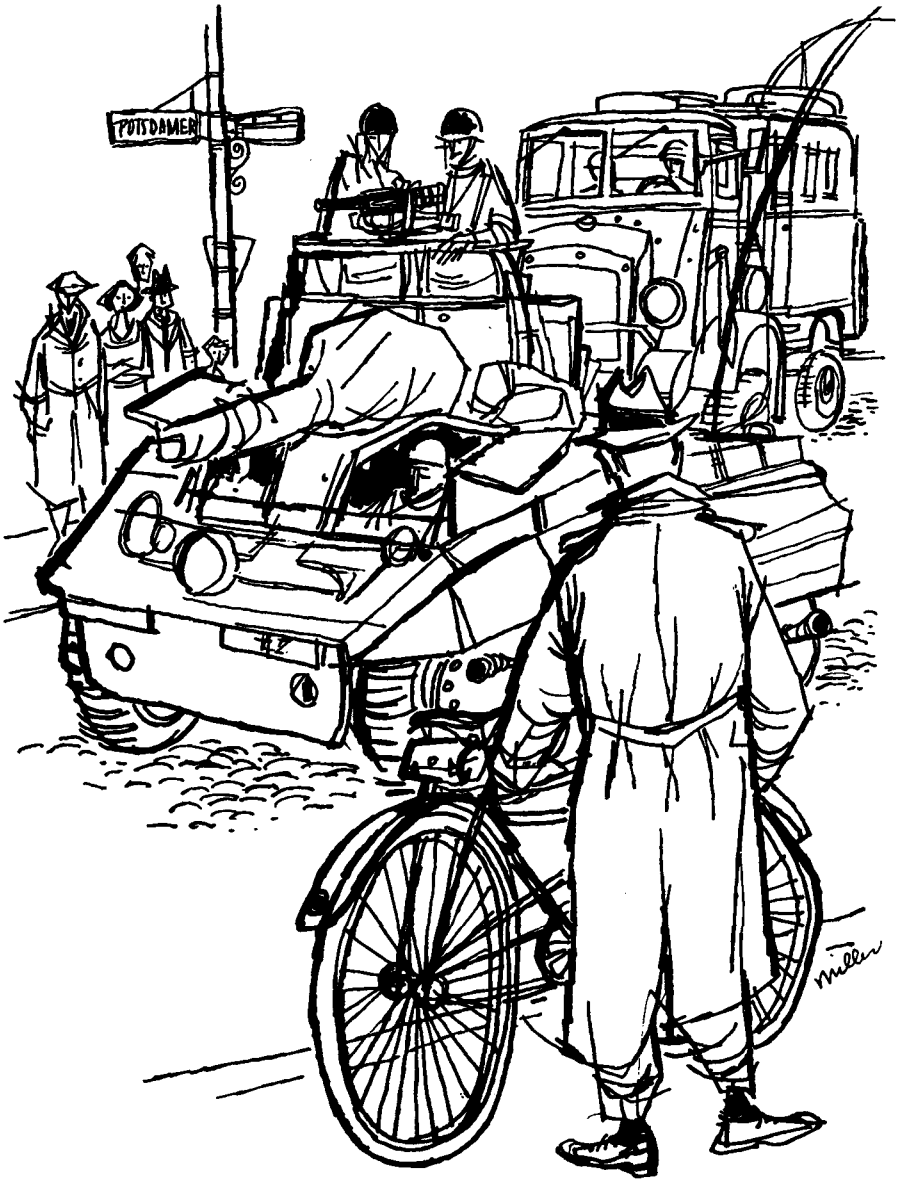
valiantly fought for Hitler und Heimat. In Paris, civilian statesmen of Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, and France discussed the political conditions of a new army and a new community.

Eisenhower Is Enlisted

The German generals, Speidel and Heusinger, dominated the talks at Bonn. The Allies wanted to know how much Germany could offer to western defense. Speidel and Heusinger figured, as a starter, twelve divisions to a total of 250,000 men—if. The "if" was that they needed all the traditional apparatus of a German army—German Defense Minister, General Staff, staff colleges, tactical aviation, full equality. They also expected America to put up arms and money. In Paris, where the deft, suave French trouble shooter Hervé Alphand faced Germany's septuagenerian delegate, Dr. Roediger, the French dominated. France would not consent to the Germans' having units larger than regiments; these would be under supranational control and would only be joined by units of the French and other armies under the same international control after several years.

These simultaneous conversations marked out the poles of argument: The French would consider no plan that did not give them absolute safeguards against a resurgent Wehrmacht; the Germans would consider no plan that made them mercenaries, shorn of national equality.



Here, this summer, the whole plan of the European army might have evaporated had it not been for a fortunate combination of events. The most important of these events was the meeting of General Dwight D. Eisenhower and France's Jean Monnet at SHAPE Headquarters late last June. This meeting of Eisenhower with France's most brilliant statesman and most eloquent apostle of European unity had been arranged by McCloy, who, as one-time Undersecretary of War, had known both well in Washington. Eisenhower, who had been wrestling with the psyches and divergent interests of twelve different nations at SHAPE for five months, was in a listening mood. Monnet, against whose persuasive determination few men can erect a barrier, convinced Eisenhower that a European army was not only the ideal solution for his problem but a practical one. SHAPE, which had previously regarded the talks on the European army with monumental indifference, now became their mentor and guide.

Birth of a Plan

Other lesser events combined to revive the Paris talks. The American ambassador in Paris, David Bruce, convinced of the urgency of the moment, began to attend the thrice-weekly meetings of the Paris Conference Steering Committee. The Germans, at McCloy's insistence, replaced Dr. Roediger with Dr. Theodor Blank, a man of Ministerial rank. Eisenhower sent a SHAPE observer to the military committee, Brigadier General John Michaelis, fresh from the war in Korea, who knew precisely how an international army could and should be organized. Last, for two months, from early June to the end of July, there was no French Government while the French politicians prepared for, conducted, and then digested their national election. Alphand and Monnet, as civil servants acting on their own, were thus able to present and push through quickly a new plan uncramped by their sensitive elected leaders.

The new plan announced in an interim report late last summer (and still the present working plan) is one that meets both French and German requirements. As soon as a treaty is ratified, the armed forces of all the signatories in Europe will fall under

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European command; they will become European, not national, troops. The Defense Community, to be headed by a Commissioner and possibly a High Authority chosen by a Council of Ministers, will be absolute master of all continental European soldiers.

Pay Raise

This, of course, will exclude the British and Scandinavians. (Nations like France which have colonial possessions will be allowed to maintain an independent staff and army for defense of their overseas territories.) The Commissioner is to have the right to set up a common military budget, appoint division commanders, allocate foreign military aid, set up procurement and supply, and design common uniforms for all the states involved. Troops will be incorporated at division level and commanded at that level by their fellow countrymen. To grease the ultimate passage of the treaty through the French Assembly, the divisions (of 13,800 men, with firepower equivalent to American divisions) are called *groupements*, not divisions. These will be organized in corps of mixed nationalities, the divisions in any corps to represent not more than two nations. To sweeten their bitter brotherhood with the Germans, French conscripts will have their pay raised (they now get five cents a day) when they are inducted into the European army.

From a military point of view, the plan, if it goes through, will give SHAPE what its planners consider the indispensable minimum number of German divisions for the *couverture* of the German plains. SHAPE now has eighteen divisions standing on the line, and not more than another five will be available on a D-Day basis by the end of the coming year. SHAPE needs at least ten more (it would like twenty) such divisions. The new European army will provide at least twelve German divisions by 1954 (if ratification is made in 1952), of which six will always be on a D-Day basis and the other six constantly in reserve. Recruiting of the new German *groupements* will start as soon as possible after the treaty is signed.

President of Europe?

Under the plan, the civilian Commissioner of European Defense, even though responsible to a European Assembly and a Council of Ministers, will be first president of Europe. His staff—deputies for Military Affairs, for Finance and Economic Affairs, for Supply—will be the first cabinet of Europe. They will have the two greatest powers that politics offers to those who govern—the power to ask men to die, and the power to co-ordinate, alter, even distort the economies of each state by deciding how much it shall spend, in what ways, for defense.

It is this imminent prospect that has caused the smaller nations to boggle at the words they have written down and consented to in the treaty drafts. The SHAPE planners are insistent that the draft be finished and submitted for signature and ratification. But the men who have conceived the scheme are now taken aback by the work of their own hands. The Belgians, for example, who are the most prosperous of the western Europeans, want to know how costs are to be allocated, whether by per capita income or by percentages of national income. Will the Authority have the right to tax citizens directly, or only to levy funds from their parliaments? They suddenly quail, too, at the thought that the Belgian government, if it joins, will never again have an army it can command, no troops anywhere except in the Congo that can be called Belgian. The summer compromise that the French and Germans worked out is so devised as to scramble all the elements of warmaking power—doctrine, officers, men, supply, finances—so that no signatory can ever pull its troops out and re-create within a reasonable time an army of its own. In a coalition, a little or, for that matter, a big power can join or quit at its own volition; in a community, it can't.

Will They Say 'Yes'?

Now formal peace with Germany has been made conditional on the ratification of both the Schuman and the Pleven Plans by the six parliaments, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg—and Germany.

At this writing, no one can predict how the round of ratifications will go. Perhaps the politicians of the small and of the big powers—or at least those of them who are neither Communists nor nationalists—will think twice before turning down the whole package. In each one of the six nations, the government has passed the buck to the middle-of-the-road members of parliament. Yes or no? Even a traditional series of government crises, with long interim periods of consultation and no government, will not be of much use. The democratic parties in the six parliaments must give their answer. Yes or no?

But, considering what the results would be, can any democratic party afford to say no?

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Motives for European Union On Both Sides of the Ocean

LOUIS DUVAL

THE RECORD of the Council of Europe, to put it in a nutshell, proves how facts can be concealed by words.

One fact stands out: Large sections of public opinion, particularly among young people, want the unification of Europe. Two wars in the span of one generation and Europe's abrupt tumble from its position of political pre-eminence have finally opened a great many eyes. The ideological character of the Second World War, which led in most countries to a civil conflict, and the brutal unification that Hitler temporarily thrust upon the continent shook the foundations of the old idea of nationality, or at least men's faith in its permanence. In today's Europe people are first of all Catholics, Communists, and so on, and then Frenchmen, Italians, or what not.

A view of the nations of Europe (excluding Great Britain, which is a world unto itself) would show that public opinion is definitely in favor of unity, the upper classes are cooler and cooler, and the permanent bureaucracy is definitely against it.

Frightened Conservatives

The Council of Europe came into being as an expedient. Something had to be done to satisfy the widespread demand for unification, and it was done along the lines conservatives always follow when they are frightened —but not frightened enough. That is, there was a great pretense of doing something, which concealed the obstinate intention of doing as little as possible.

There has been for some time a tendency to make Britain the scapegoat for all the failures of the Strasbourg organization. It is true that Britain displayed a notable lack of enthusiasm,

but did it really hold back any more than the others? If the late Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin had had a sense of humor, he might have seriously embarrassed his continental colleagues by plumping in favor of this or that concrete proposal of unification and forced them to admit that they had no intention of seriously putting them through. There was, to be sure, a real difference between the British and the continental point of view, but it was confined to method. The British wanted to make the Council of Foreign Ministers the driving force for unification, while the continentals, haunted by the memory of the constituent bodies that have filled their history of the last hundred years, wanted to give more power to the Assembly. Either method could have done the job if there had been the will to do it.

Continental Europe is dying of social, economic, and political stagnation. Let us take a typical case—France. France has more arable land than Britain and Italy together, a dwindling rural population, and low agricultural production. Protective tariffs have deprived the farmers of any incentive to produce more and produce less expensively, while the trade unions block the entrance of immigrant farm workers. Industrial high tariffs plus agricultural and trade-union Malthusianism do not allow much improvement in the productivity of the French farmland. If production were increased, it could not find a domestic outlet; and although other European countries could use French agricultural products, they could pay for them only with manufactured goods which are kept out by high tariffs.

Vicious circles of the same kind strangle the economies of Italy and Germany. If a farsighted leader wants to do something, he must introduce a law that would end up in a predictable way: A parliamentary committee would quickly pigeonhole it.

Who Runs Europe?

Democracy usually places power in the hands of one or two elected assemblies, which are supposed to represent the will of the people. But in continental Europe these assemblies or parliaments have no more than the semblance of power. Real power lies in the hands of the trade unions on the one hand and the big agricultural and industrial federations on the other. The former have the masses with them, which they do not hesitate to

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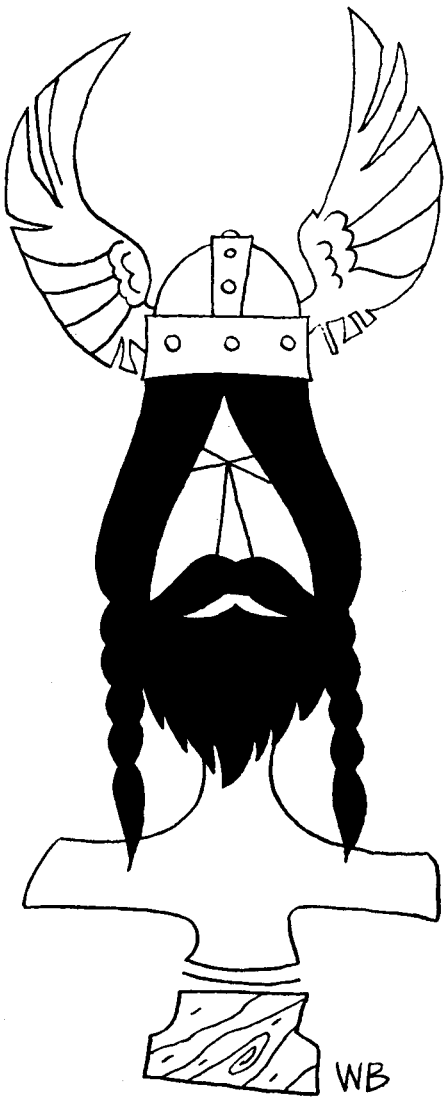
turn even against parliament, and the latter have the funds without which the political parties could not survive. Hence parliaments and Cabinets cannot govern without the consent of the holders of real power. In France and Italy, where the trade unions are largely under Communist control, they are just as adamantly opposed as are the conservatives to any effective reform.

In spite of all this, there has been and still is the illusion that an all-European assembly, empowered to pass European laws, might relieve situations with which the separate national assemblies cannot cope. This is a very dangerous illusion, for there is no reason to hope that the holders of real power would give the European Assembly the obedience and allegiance that they refuse their national parliaments.

The conclusion is inescapable: If we do not want to give up the idea of unity altogether, we must try to achieve it through a flanking process and for limited objectives. The latter approach is back of such projects as the Schuman Plan and, still more important, the European army. It was truly revolutionary to give up the hazy idea of a united Europe so vast as to include Britain and the Scandinavian countries and to try something on a smaller and more practical scale. The Schuman Plan deals with a limited sector where geography has always imposed a certain amount of co-operation on the producers of coal and of iron ore, irrespective of national boundaries. Formally or informally, the great continental cartels have organized such co-operation in the past. The Schuman Plan is the opposite of a cartel, but it is prompted by precisely the same needs.



The European army is a project of truly revolutionary boldness. For centuries the European nations have warred upon one another, and although intellectually many Europeans know that war is no longer profitable, only the actual transformation of their national armies into an international one can convince them of its real impossibility. The psychological shock would be so great as to change radically the whole picture of all their inherited hostilities. But the new army must from the start be functionally, organically European.

A coalition army composed of many national corps under one command would be much easier to arrange. But then the all-important psychological element would be lost. Once the Supreme Command is dissolved we would be again in the same situation, with independent national armies. The European army must be federal in nature and be endowed with the necessary federal guarantees that will allow it to do its job.

An American Decision

The idea of a European army did not begin with strictly European objectives, any more than the Schuman Plan did. French policy called for international, and hence French, control of the Ruhr, and it was Schuman's merit to understand that no international control over the Ruhr could last indefinitely if Germany alone were to be subjected to it.

In the case of the army, it was a

brusque but logical American decision that caused France to face squarely the idea of reborn German military power. To oppose the American decision would have meant to deny the obvious fact that western Europe cannot be defended from Russia without German aid, while to accept it meant to stir up both a parliamentary and a public crisis. Once the highly artificial idea of a "combat team," composed of mixed-nationality divisions, was abandoned, only a European army could fit the reality of the situation. France did not want a national German Army; and since Germany could not be kept permanently disarmed, France agreed to submerge both its own and the German Army into the new continental military system.

France was not the only nation to accept an international solution for national reasons. The Germans, on their side, were influenced by two almost contradictory considerations. First, they knew that the abrupt revival of a German Army would provoke strong reactions abroad. Second, the West German government leaders, mindful of the fate of the Weimar Republic, feared the consequences on their domestic politics of a reborn Army and General Staff.

In Italy the idea of a European army fitted in with the general policy. Italy has become the most European-minded of the continental countries, for reasons that are not purely philosophical. Some of its gravest problems, notably unemployment, cannot be solved on the national level. But the Italians feel that a solution could be found in a system of co-operation

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with other nations. Similarly, Italians believe that the cost of rearmament might throw their delicate national economy out of kilter, but that by pooling soldiers and resources some of their own military expenses would be sustained by the wealthier nations.

The Americans, too, were moved by not altogether idealistic reasons. General Eisenhower wanted German divisions, and he soon saw that a European army provided the best way to obtain them. But the fact that an international idea grew out of national considerations should cause neither surprise nor dismay. There are rare cases in history of lofty aims being attained without ever losing sight of a lofty plan.

Unanimous Decision?

But to send an army into battle is the most sovereign action that any country can perform; and if the European nations give up their individual armies, then they must give up their diverse foreign policies as well. Who is to make the final decision as to how to use the European army? The Council of Foreign Ministers? Would not the principle of international equality demand a unanimous decision? In such a case little Luxembourg alone could restrain the European army from action.

If we wish merely to deceive one another, to revive German military power in spite of both French and German objections, then we may be content with an "integrated," or coalition army, which in a few months or years could disintegrate. But if we wish this army to be the first step toward European, or at least continental unity, then we must add a degree of political unity—a propelling force that may be able to enlarge its own scope.

To try to do all this at once would only indicate a wish to do nothing. But

there is a practical way to definite accomplishment, which consists in building up the power of the Commissioner or the High Authority on the one hand and that of the Assembly on the other. As of today both these offices are copied from those set up for the Schuman Plan, and are not sufficient. The Commissioner should be made responsible to the Assembly, just as a Minister of Defense is responsible to a national parliament. And the two together must have powers to extend the process of general unification. In order not to create alarm, the unification might be restricted to military preparedness. The multiple needs of a modern army affect every sector of national life, and such a restriction would still allow ample leeway for the unifying process. It will be a long, hard pull, with no hope of magic solutions to be reached idealistically by a constituent assembly.

A procedure of this type has already been suggested by the Italian delegation. It has met with strong opposition on the part of Belgium but has been accepted (although with a good many mental reservations) by France and Germany.

Not Satellites But Allies

Americans appear to be still perplexed. Underlying the idea of European unity they see a certain inclination toward neutrality and the possible emergence of an international "third force," which might be an obstacle to the carrying out of what has hitherto been an Atlantic policy.

Let's be honest about it: There is such an undercurrent in the European idea, just as among the Americans most favorable to European unity one can detect a new shade of isolationism. It is only normal that it should be so. France, Germany, and, to some extent, Italy were until only a few years ago major powers, able at least to shape their own destinies, and their fall from this estate has been too rapid for them to adjust themselves to semi-satellite status. Many unity-minded Europeans are saying to themselves: "France, or Germany, or Italy is too small to talk on equal terms with the United States. But if we unite—some 140 million of us with all our national resources—the United States will have to take us into account."

It would be equally useless to disguise the fact that on this side of the Atlantic there is a growing fear lest the United States make sudden decisions, lest Europeans find themselves faced with a very serious *fait accompli,* such as, to give it its real name, war. Now let's make Europe, and America will deal with Europe as it does with Britain. "Deal" means the right to disclaim responsibility for American actions which in European opinion are ill-advised or ill-considered. A united Europe would be in a position to say: "Friends, you want to do such and such a thing, but we think it may lead to war, and we're not ready to fight for it. Do you still want to do it? Go ahead if you will, but don't count on us if you get into trouble."

Yes, some supporters of European unity have this idea in mind. But why should Americans be bothered by it? Their policy proves that they want not satellites but allies. They are very wise, since a nation fighting for a cause it does not feel or has not freely accepted will fight little and poorly. Under these conditions Europe would be no more than a geographical area open to American troops, like the Middle East during the last war. True allies must feel that they have their

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own free will. Dealing with a united Europe may be less comfortable for the United States at first, but the Americans will soon realize that it is much better for them too.

Therefore Americans need not worry about the "third-force" tendencies. They should say: "We want a united Europe because we are anxious to see a powerful, new political unit with which we can talk on equal terms, one strong enough to tell us when, in its opinion, we are making a mistake." This would be the most telling reply the United States could make to Russia's "peace" propaganda, and it would create more true friends than an appropriation of ten billion dollars for economic aid. A united and self-assured Europe would by its very nature be in closer sympathy with the American point of view than the present single European states.

This must be said, because without America there will never even be a European army. The reason is simple. European rearmament hinges upon American aid for the supply of raw materials and of end items that Europe no longer produces. And only America can find a way of resettling the balance of payments which the rearmament effort has already upset. Everybody on both sides of the Atlantic agrees on the principles; the only question is to find the means.

If the United States suggests that it is willing to give so much to the single European nations and twice that much to a united Europe, then European union and the European army will be born.

Sotto Voce

But this should not be shouted in one of those great speeches that leave things as they are; it should be whispered into the ears of responsible European statesmen. When you want to persuade a good fellow to do something in his own interest, you don't gain anything by letting the whole world know that you are trying to bulldoze him. On the contrary, everything is to be gained if you let him behave as if he were acting of his own free will.

SHAPE'S Next Chief?

Many Europeans believe that quiet General Gruenther is the only logical heir-apparent to his boss Eisenhower

DAVID SCHOENBRUN

THE MOST indispensable man in Europe today is the SACEUR.

SACEUR is the official designation of Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander Europe. The fact of his indispensability is a measure of both Eisenhower's great personal prestige and perhaps his one great failure. The two men most acutely concerned about this apparent paradox are Eisenhower himself and his long-time friend and present Chief of Staff, General Alfred M. Gruenther.

No man, not even Ike himself, knows SHAPE and its complex mechanisms better than Gruenther, who is the principal engineer of this first truly integrated, international headquarters in history. Certainly no man knows better what would happen to SHAPE today if Eisenhower were to leave.

It would simply collapse.

This reporter has covered the story of SHAPE from the day last December when the first confused but enthusiastic advance guard reached Paris. There is hardly a single responsible officer or European statesman today who does not admit that this enterprise, unique of its kind, is still strictly a one-man show despite Eisenhower's desire and efforts to make it otherwise.

Yet any organization that depends so completely on one man is not altogether sound. Apart from any political aspirations that Eisenhower may have, the more pertinent fact is that he is a mortal, although most Europeans seem to think he is possessed of almost Godlike qualities. He could fall ill. Accidents do happen.

Is the defense of western Europe, then, to fall prey to chance? Is the gigantic, tremendously costly rearmament program of Europe at the mercy of some caprice of fate?

The Man Who . . .

Europe is rearming reluctantly, suspiciously, painfully. Only the personal prestige and authority of Eisenhower, and his ability to keep Congress behind him, have encouraged Europeans to believe that he can prevent their economies from cracking under the rearmament program.

Only Eisenhower wears the mantle of "The Liberator," and has about him the magic air of victory that can inspire popular confidence in the future. Eisenhower is "Roosevelt's General" in European minds, and that means to them profound belief in basic demo-

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Harris & Ewing

NATO meeting: Eisenhower, Air Marshal Sir William Elliot, Bradley

cratic principles and true devotion to peace.

Eisenhower's unique position as a potential President makes him even stronger than he would be if he were already President. Coming from the man who may presently be the chief executive of America his "suggestions" to European leaders are taken seriously indeed. Independent as Eisenhower now is, his threats of backing up his suggestions with public criticism are far more effective than if he were a President already committed to a policy that he could hardly afford to torpedo.

Who Can Wear the Mantle?

Obviously all of those circumstances cannot exist indefinitely, and some successor to Eisenhower must be considered. The stakes are too high to risk continued good fortune.

No one questions the fact that Ike's successor will be an American. The Europeans demand it. The U.S. commitment to European defense, the U.S. participation in men as well as matériel are nailed down by entrusting the Supreme Command to an American. Nor is it conceivable that an already balky Congress would give full-hearted support to a foreign SACEUR.

A major candidate for the job, certainly Ike's own choice for his successor, is General Alfred M. Gruenther. Four others prominently mentioned by analysts of the situation today are Generals Omar Bradley, Matthew Ridgway, Lawton J. Collins, and Mark Clark. Close friends of Omar Bradley insist that he wants to retire when his present term as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs ends next year. The European job could add no luster to Bradley's brilliant record, and might tarnish it if events took a bad turn. A patriotic American and fine soldier like Bradley would not let that influence his decision if he were called. But only a call to duty from his Commander-in-Chief would induce Bradley to return to active duty in Europe.

Army Chief of Staff "Lightning Joe" Collins rates high in Washington politics but not so high in continental circles. Spectacular combat commander that he was, Collins has little experience in the complex diplomatic and economic aspects of a European Supreme Command, no great standing in the chancelleries. This has a negative importance that will probably dispose of the Collins candidacy.

The same objections that obtain in regard to Collins would be raised in Europe against Mark Clark. His possible assignment as ambassador to the Vatican does not enhance his chances of support by the Protestant countries in the Atlantic coalition—Britain, Norway, and Denmark. Nor would the circumstances of his appointment by Truman augur well for his political power or influence on Congress were he to fill Eisenhower's shoes.

Ridgway and Gruenther

The two favorites now are Ridgway and Gruenther, and the records and personalities of these two men, each brilliant in his own field, must be examined in the light of what the job requires.

A successful armistice in Korea would make Matt Ridgway an overnight hero in America. A Christmas of peace, the realization that he kept the Korean War from exploding into world war, and from expanding into China, may further enhance Ridgway's prestige at home.

His prestige in Europe would be almost as great. The realization that he did not use the atomic bomb or send his planes against Manchuria could sweep Ridgway to command on a tidal wave of public acclamation.

Shrewd French politicians are convinced that Ridgway could become a popular European hero too, and a worthy successor to Eisenhower in the public mind.

Yet most of them to whom this reporter has talked would cheerfully pass up the hero for the quiet, almost obscure little man who rose to four-star rank without ever having commanded an outfit in combat—General Alfred M. Gruenther.

As one top French statesman put it: "The fighting paratrooper who wears hand grenades is the sort of man we want to lead our troops to victory. But we're not thinking about victory right now. We in Europe are thinking about peace."

Europeans think that Gruenther is the man who can keep the peace. They want to see SACEUR wielding calipers and slide rules, calculating budgets, production and shipping schedules, and training and organization, and evaluating intelligence. They want a man who can stand solidly on his two feet, not necessarily a man who can jump from a plane and land upright. That, they say, is the difference between Alfred Gruenther and Matthew Ridgway, between Korea and Europe.

SHAPE is a brain trust. It is a compact planning staff, collecting, collating, and analyzing a mass of information on the armed forces, productive

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units, and financial, economic, and military resources of twelve nations. It is a machine for converting this information into schedules, timetables, and training centers, and eventually divisions for the defense of western Europe, a gigantic enterprise whose intricate mechanisms require a highly specialized skill in planning and organization.

No man in the United States armed forces today possesses that specialized skill to the extent that Gruenther does.

Chief Planner

Gruenther's extraordinary talents for organization brought him a measure of fame long before his professional career had elevated him to the job of chief planner of the U. S. Army at the end of the war. Twenty years ago he was one of the central figures in a match that fascinated all America, when he umpired the world championship contract bridge tournament between Ely Culbertson and Sidney Lenz.

Hal Lee Sims, one of America's greatest card experts, said that Gruenther lifted contract bridge tournaments from the low level of circus antics to an orderly, intellectual contest as respected as chess tournaments. He was an instructor in mathematics at West Point at that time. He used to umpire a match all night for a $100 fee, sleep in the back of his car while his wife drove him back to the Academy, and turn up fresh and sharp for his morning math class, to the amazement of his students.

Today he has the same ability to work without ever showing any signs of fatigue. One of his principal aides, Colonel Robert Wood, a fellow instructor at West Point in those bridge-tournament days, told me that Gruenther now begins his day at 8 A.M. and works through with hardly a break until late at night, driving his staff hard, then takes home a briefcase crammed with work, and the next day distributes a storm of memos attached to the voluminous staff reports that he apparently has spent the night reading.

Gruenther combines a precise, orderly mind with an intuition that startles even his old friend and boss, Eisenhower. Staff officers tell the story of an early-morning conference that Ike called on a logistics problem. Gruenther told one staff assistant to prepare a series of charts on personnel distribution of SHAPE, a subject not even remotely connected with the conference.

The meeting ran off on schedule; the logistical problem was analyzed, and the officers prepared to leave. Ike looked at his watch and said: "Gentlemen, we finished that in good time and my next appointment is a few minutes off. Could you fill me in on personnel distribution?"

Gruenther nodded his head at the stunned officer who had prepared the charts and told him to brief the SACEUR.

Gruenther's is the rare and precious ability to master detail and synthesize it, the mark of an extraordinarily high intelligence.

Perhaps nowhere in the world is this quality more important than it is at SHAPE today. SHAPE's task is not to organize a country but to fuse into an organic community a civilization so diverse, so vast, so complex that no man has yet measured its dimensions. One day a few weeks ago, an urgent telephone call was piped to Gruenther's office from one of our Latin allies. American engineers had gone to visit a new factory designed to make a vital part for a new aviation engine. By telephone they were reporting that the engine and the part for which the factory was designed were obsolete—they had become obsolete two years ago, about the time when the ground for the factory had been broken. Somewhere a cog had slipped in the intricate machinery of the western alliance. Said Gruenther wearily: "What we need is a great memory machine for collating all the information of the western world—no one man can know all that is being made where, by whom and for what."

Jagged Facts

The problems that reach Gruenther's office affect the policies of a dozen countries at every level. At the highest level, for example, is the problem of reserves: SHAPE believes that the economies of the western world cannot permanently support huge standing armies; the western world must be defended by large pools of reserves, called up at frequent intervals for refresher courses. But who will pay for these reserves—what French soldier will come back to summer service, giving up an already badly paid job for the pittance that is army pay? The solution, SHAPE believes, may have to be a common defense fund, out of which the reserves of all nations are paid when called up. Or, at the individual level, what is to be done at SHAPE when an American sergeant gets $232 a month, and the French sergeant sitting beside him gets something like $50 a month? How do you bring these two men—plus their Italian, Belgian, and British colleagues—to feel they are part of the same team?

To such problems and to a similar vast array of jagged facts Gruenther is constantly addressing himself. The burden shows but little effect. Except for a slight pallor, Gruenther, at fifty-two, looks, and is, as vigorous as a young man. His voice has the strident metallic sound of a veteran sergeant commanding a clumsy company on a windy drillground. It packs authority and command not generally associated with planners.

It is a sign perhaps of a man ready to take the center of the stage himself. After a lifetime career as a staff officer, in the course of which he became the youngest brigadier general, and then the youngest major general in the Army, Alfred Maximilian Gruenther looks ready for command.

Some European statesmen also recall that one Dwight D. Eisenhower never had commanded a combat unit in action before becoming Supreme Commander of the greatest invasion force in history.

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Our Magic Word: Disarmament

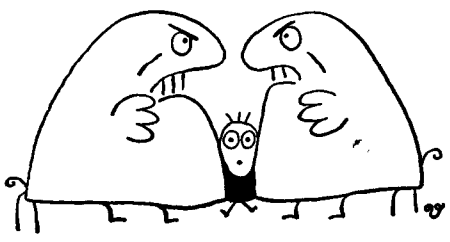
JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

AFTER THREE years of assiduous propaganda by the Communist Parties of the world, the word "peace" seems to have become the property of Messrs. Vishinsky, Gromyko, and Malik, and their chieftains. Today perhaps for the first time, the West and its statesmen made an eminently useful word their property. That word is "disarmament."

To American readers it may seem somewhat childish to attach so much importance to a battle of words. To Americans it may seem that the only thing that matters is to build up military power in order some day to be able to negotiate from "situations of strength," and that meanwhile matters of vocabulary can seem important only to those who refuse to settle down to the real task, that of strengthening western defenses.

Building Blocs

The fact, however, is that the best military preparation can be rendered almost useless if, meanwhile, all the psychological battles are lost. In the final analysis America's military might can be brought to bear on events only if properly deployed. The European continent is essential to such deployment. This is *the* basic terrain. It will be no more than moving sands without the help of the peoples who live upon it. That is why the American disarmament plan has acquired such great importance.



The U.N. in Paris showed the divisions of continental groups acting very much like political parties in a national parliament, with the two major parties, Russia and the United States, trying to win supporters and partisans. Each great continental bloc reacted in a different way.

All Asia is in ferment, revolution, or war—a continent in motion. That is the part of the world where the conflict between Russian Communism and American democracy has exploded into armed warfare. As long as the Korean War goes on, the attention of Asia will be centered on the military rather than on the political battleground.

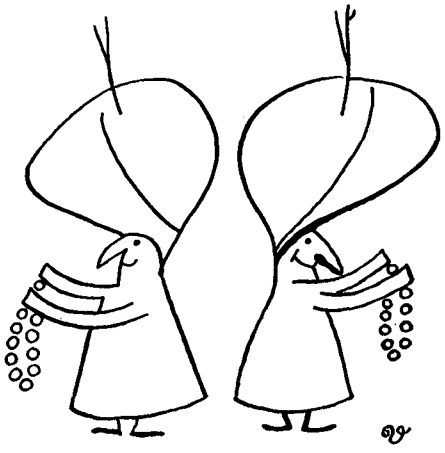
The Arab world presents an entirely different situation. Here there is an inert mass governed by narrowly selfish interests. It participates only in a negative way in the struggle between the two great powers. It will neither adopt nor fight for either system. It will ask for as great a reward as it can get from both sides in exchange for neutrality and passive assistance. Its entire interest is centered on its own budding nationalisms, which have been encouraged by the schism of the great nations.

Latin America is cast in the role of spectator. Ideologically, the great majority of the Latin-American nations believe that their era of power has not come—and will not come until the next world war has been fought. Meanwhile they take little part in the present struggle, seeking whatever incidental profit they can gain from it, benevolent toward the West, but essentially passive. In Latin America, as in the Arab world, but for entirely different reasons, there is no ground for political struggle between East and West.

Then there is continental Europe, the supreme political battleground. In Europe no soldiers fight as they are fighting in Korea; there is no inertia as in the Middle East; there can be none of the well-intentioned neutrality that prevails in South America, for every European nation has within it the elements of civil war, and every state governs only a part of the nation. Furthermore, every European country is exposed to economic disaster. Europe's factories were built to answer the needs of independent, self-supporting national states and now these independent national economies have become obsolete. Finally, faced with the threat of Communism's massed armies, every European nation, so soon after war and occupation, is compelled to rearm and mobilize.

Which Risks to Accept?

In Europe the political battle rages daily. The non-Communist European is torn by contradictory emotions. A dozen years ago he witnessed the collapse of European democracies before totalitarianism, and this has left him skeptical as to the strength of his own democratic institutions. He knows the danger of Communism at the gates of Europe, but he does not know what



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dikes to build against its spread. It would be advisable, he knows, to raise Europe's standard of living and rearm Europe too. He cannot do both. He fears war; he hates Stalinism; he would like to avoid both. He is not sure that this is possible. Action involves risks: He is not sure which risks to take, which to avoid.

Testing Ground

Like the Nevada desert for the atomic bomb, Europe is a perfect testing ground for political-warfare experiments. For three years Russia has sought to increase the confusion of the European citizen, play on his doubts, and dissolve his will. For it is in Europe that the test of western resistance to Communism must be made.

In the halls of the Palais de Chaillot at the U.N. meeting, the delegates played their expected roles. Those from the Arab nations chattered business in the lobbies and advanced the strikingly original suggestion of more conversations among the Foreign Ministers of the big powers. The South American delegates listened to everything without much concern or talked to impress the folks back home. Asia, together with the Arab nations, advanced platonic proposals of East-West conversations.

It was to the European delegations and, beyond them, to the people of Europe, that Acheson spoke and Vishinsky answered. To this audience every word and gesture of the two protagonists was an important act, heavy with threat or hope.

The Initiative Passes

For three years Russia has been playing propaganda variations on the theme of peace. To a disturbing extent the Communist peace propaganda had succeeded in convincing Europeans, even anti-Communists, that Russia might use every means of subversion and revolution, but never resort to war. Confusedly, but deeply, Europe felt that something other than armed force was the prime requisite in the struggle against Communism. Contributing to that view were two great fears—of the economic crises that would accompany rearmament and of a revived Wehrmacht.

The Paris meeting of the General Assembly came at a time of European discouragement. Russia, it was thought, would follow up its peace offensive. Russia would make a great show of conciliation, deepen the rift between Europe and the United States, and exacerbate the latent confusion of the Atlantic alliance. Everyone predicted that Russia would win an easy victory. Everyone was wrong. When the session opened it was President Truman and Secretary Acheson who took the offensive by presenting a disarmament plan approved by France and Great Britain. It was the West that won.

At first, although the plan was clear and reasonable, the reaction as usual was somewhat unenthusiastic. There have been so many disarmament plans. Moreover the Russians would certainly not accept it. It was a gesture and nothing more. The fact that most western diplomats and writers promptly called it a propaganda move sharply reduced its propaganda value.

As expected, the Russians refused. Vishinsky neighed. But he had to talk about the American plan and, little by little, the Europeans began talking about the American plan, and finally, within two weeks, the tide turned.

To the man in the street and the statesmen of Europe also, the prospect of war and peace began to appear in a different light. They know that the danger to Europe came not only from subversion and revolution, but from huge military power. And they know that despite the confidence shown by certain ex-Communists, especially by those resident in the United States, it is an extraordinarily complex matter, perhaps an impossibility at this stage, to abolish Communism's ideological and revolutionary potential.

There remains the other, the military factor. The West has no way out but to increase its military strength while proposing reduction of armaments to Russia.

Turning of the Tide

At long last the West, and especially America, has brought forward a political objective that is simple and catchy. At long last the West has a plan: gradual disarmament under international inspection.

Any step whatever toward solving the present deadlock between the two great power groups involves, of course, a risk of war. Armament and disarmament are very explosive objects of debate. The discussion now is not about principle but about weapons. This Europeans fully realize. This realization has at the same time increased their determination and their apprehension. It is as if they had acquired a new hope of avoiding war while feeling at the same time that war might have come closer to them. But in a strange, roundabout way, the Europeans have reached a better understanding of what American rearmament means.

The Europeans are becoming increasingly aware of what the score is: They must do the very things that Russia does not want them to do. Or, if they do not feel like challenging Russia, they can bury their heads in the sand.

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How Good Is Chiang's Army?

The Nationalists await an attack on China; their U.S. advisers await one from it

ROBERT S. ELEGANT

TAIPEI, FORMOSA

THE GENERAL pushed the pepper shaker toward the sugar bowl. The salt shaker followed, moving in a direct line to the side of its mate. He repeated the maneuver until both the salt and pepper shakers stood neatly aligned in front of the sugar bowl.

"That's their notion of squad tactics," the general said, leaning back. "It's always the frontal attack. The idea of going around the flank, or even having one squad cover as the other advances, never seems to occur to them. You've got to start from the very beginning with these troops."

The American general was a little sour as he went into the second day of his inspection tour of the Chinese Nationalist land forces on Formosa. It was his job, as a member of the United States Military Assistance Advisory Group, to help correct the faults of Chiang Kai-shek's troops. His comments to me were evidently influenced by his depression over the size of the task before him and over the prospect of two more days in the field.

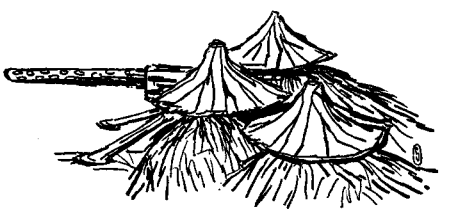
The 'Spoiled Canvas'

A week later I spoke with another general, who relaxed in an easy chair in his own office. A large-scale map of the world served as a backdrop for his heavy, white-haired figure, in dark-green uniform and polished knee boots. Sun Li-jen, commander-in-chief of the Nationalist ground forces, was obviously troubled despite his often-expressed enthusiasm for his job.

"I'm like an artist who has been given a spoiled canvas and asked to paint a masterpiece on it," he said. "My first job is to scrape off the old paint; the next will be to start again from the beginning."

It augurs well that both General Sun and his American advisers are convinced of the necessity for starting afresh to make the Nationalist Army an effective fighting force. Their raw material, the Chinese private, is good, although many soldiers I saw were either overage or undernourished or both. Junior officers and enlisted men alike go about their daily training exercises with an impassioned realism. This stems partly from the Chinese sense of drama, which tells them that a real soldier behaves fiercely at all times, but it is derived primarily from the troops' belief that they will soon be engaged in actual combat.

Yet the weight of the past ten years —the battles, defeats, retreats, and frustrations—makes it impossible for veteran troops to enter into basic training as if they were recruits. Both their minds and their bodies have lost the elasticity essential to the men of a modern fighting force. Even more oppressive is the tangled mass of personal relationships, vested interests, ingrown prejudice, and slothful thinking which characterizes the upper echelon of Nationalist officers. In the armed forces, as in the Nationalist Party and the government, a hierarchy designed to oversee a subcontinent has been transferred to the small island of Formosa. The structure is necessarily topheavy; seven-eighths of the iceberg is *above* water.



Among the nearly 1,600 generals on Formosa, there are some who are truly prepared to "start afresh." Sun Li-jen has been aware of the faults of the Kuomintang for some time, and a number of his colleagues have learned the lesson of their defeat on the mainland. But the great majority of high-ranking Nationalist officers believe, as do most mainlanders now on Formosa, that the reduction of American aid and General Marshall's interference prevented victory over the Communists. This feeling of being at the mercy of outside forces is not conducive to self-sacrifice.

The Ancient Enemy: Tradition

Chinese resistance to reform often appears to the outsider as willful obstinacy. But it is actually the logical outcome of the relationship which prevails between the Army and its soldiers. The Nationalist Army is not primarily a fighting force—unlike a western army, professional or conscript—but a way of life. Soldiers are lifelong members of a specialized community within the Chinese social structure. One of the attributes of the community of arms is that of giving battle—a function which has priority over the community's other functions but does not necessarily dominate them. It therefore appears not only inhumane but a violation of the Army's very nature to

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cast out the veteran who is too old to fight or to pension off the superfluous general, since each would lose his place in the well-ordered Chinese society if he were deprived of his military status.

No retirement system operates in any branch of Chiang Kai-shek's forces. Estimates vary, but the average age of Chiang Kai-shek's troops is probably close to thirty. Moreover, lack of both drugs and medical attention contributes to the daily increase in the number of the unfit. In the past two years the Army on Formosa has lost 25,000 men to disease. Of the 600,000 members of the military community on Formosa, probably about a third would be either hospitalized or retired were they in the armed forces of any western power.

Two 'Spies' per Platoon

Nationalist strength on Formosa is divided about as follows: Air Force, 70,000; Navy and Marines, 45,000; Combined Service Forces (a central supply organization created two years ago at U.S. instigation), 20,000; ground forces, 465,000. From the overall total of 465,000 "ground force" troops we must subtract 120,000 assigned to military police, garrison, headquarters, and political posts, leaving a force of 345,000 under the nominal command of General Sun (who in reality has little tactical control over his troops). Informed estimates place the number of combat effectives at 120,000 to 150,000. The ground forces, on whom basic responsibility for the defense of Formosa rests, are the stepchildren of the Ministry of National Defense. They are underprivileged in equipment, food, and medical attention—and favored only in a topheavy allotment of "political soldiers," representing the Chinese equivalent of the Soviet Army's political-commissar system.

The General Political Department of the Ministry of National Defense, headed by General Chiang Ching-kuo, the Generalissimo's older son, is an all-pervasive force, usually painted in the darkest colors by foreigners. Major General William C. Chase, chief of the United States Military Assistance Advisory Group, whose views on the rest of the Nationalist military establishment are mostly very charitable, looks on the "political soldiers" with great suspicion. "The Chinese think we're out to get the Political Department," he admitted to me.

I began my examination of the Political Department biased, if at all, in its favor. My opinion was that some sort of political unit was a necessity for an army fighting a political war. I first discovered that every platoon includes two political soldiers, and every unit of company level or above, a political officer. The number seemed to me somewhat excessive, especially after I learned that the function of political soldiers and officers serving in regular units is merely "to report unsatisfactory conditions and be on the lookout for Communist agents."

I continued in my assumption that the work of the Political Department was probably more beneficial than deleterious until I had a talk with a man close to the high command. He said: "The Political Department is undermining the Army. Instead of seeing comrades to their right and left, soldiers see political spies marching beside them."

The Political Department of the Ministry of National Defense has a few virtues. Besides being the vehicle of Chiang Ching-kuo's ambition, it is the agency which combats the amazingly high rate of illiteracy among Nationalist troops. Its relatively few combat effectives will most likely force Chiang's Army to depend on either guerrilla tactics or small, hard-hitting units equipped with the most advanced weapons. Effective utilization of modern weapons depends upon technical proficiency, while guerrillas must possess a high degree of initiative. Uneducated soldiers are not remarkable for either of these qualities.

The last comprehensive survey, conducted in September, 1950, showed that nearly half—47.8 per cent—of the troops in the Nationalist forces had a knowledge of characters equivalent to that of a student in the fourth grade or below. Total illiterates, who recognize less than a hundred characters, make up almost one-tenth of the armed forces. Of the remainder, 28.4 per cent are between the fourth- and sixth-grade levels, while only 11.8 per cent know as many characters as a ninth-grade student. Twenty-six out of every thousand officers and men have had the equivalent of a high-school education, and one in a thousand has received the equivalent of a university education.

Chuteless Chutists

The greatest obstacle to basic reform in Chiang's armies is the notion current in military circles on Formosa that a statement becomes true if it is repeated frequently enough, with the corollary conviction that a fault becomes damaging only if it is acknowledged and does not exist if denied.

American and Chinese concepts of reality come into conflict most strikingly in the matter of paratroopers. As far as U.S. officers are concerned, there are no paratroopers on Formosa. But there are several thousand soldiers who are called paratroopers and who wear paratroop insignia on their collars. Since possession of parachute units is characteristic of a modern army, the Ministry of National Defense simply called such a unit into being.

American officers assigned as ad-

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visers to the paratroops are diplomatic in their comments. "Paratroops?" one remarked. "First we'll have to make infantrymen out of them. They do have a couple of warehouses full of chutes, but I wouldn't jump in them. They've been stored so long they're rotten. But we'll worry about the chutes later. First we've got to have a decent training area."

Lack of training area is not an overwhelming problem, but neither is it a trivial one on Formosa, where every foot of level ground—and a good part of the hills—is cultivated. I spent a day watching the "paratroop" unit run through field exercises in the south of the island. The soldiers, prohibited from trampling the farmers' rice paddies, were restricted to the roads and ditches, until an old Formosan graveyard offered them their one extended open training area.

I watched them run through platoon and company problems set up for the American inspection team. One platoon was ordered to attack a "fortified village" at the end of a road. The first significant divergence from accepted training procedure came before the exercise started. The entire operation had been plotted beforehand, so that the soldiers were in the position of a group of actors following a script. Every step had been laid out on elaborately drawn charts, even to the points where enemy airplanes would attack.

The Imaginary Walkie-Talkies

The platoon's tactical behavior reflected a similar attitude toward individual initiative. One-third of the time allotted to the problem was given over to conferences in which the lieutenant instructed his squad leaders, while another officer acted as master of ceremonies, shouting out the next move from a position on a hillock. Instead of using hand signals, a necessity in modern warfare when combat noise makes vocal communication impossible, the platoon leader shouted his orders or waved a red flag.

An American lieutenant colonel commented in disgust that marking officers with flags was one sure way to get them picked off. A Chinese lieutenant colonel assured me that the use of voice signals was characteristic of training operations, and then admitted that the Army had no standard hand signals. In combat, he said, platoon and squad leaders would have their own walkie-talkies. The American officer looked even more distressed.

"They don't even have enough small-arms ammunition, but they talk about a half-dozen walkie-talkies for each platoon," he said.

The undernourished paratroopers in short pants, darting from mound to mound of the old graveyard, looked like nothing so much as a gang of tough kids. Though they swaggered and made a brave show with their obsolescent weapons amid the chatter of the platoon's one Browning Automatic Rifle, which was being fired into a grave, there was a fundamental uneasiness about them. Even the mock-ferocity of the final bayonet charge, in which the paratroopers poured through a gap in the barbed wire crying *"Sha! Sha!"* ("Kill! Kill!"), seemed lacking in conviction.

Material poverty is one reason for the lack of confidence displayed by the Nationalist Army. When the American team inspected the first battalion of paratroopers, the soldiers managed to put up a good appearance. Sentries in clean fatigue uniforms turned out carrying American carbines and wearing American knapsacks and canteens. But the display was made possible only by giving all the regiment's equipment to the first battalion.

The 20,000-man Combined Service Forces, created in 1948 at the urging of U.S. advisers who optimistically hoped it would resemble our own Service Forces, aggravates the shortage of matériel by the inefficiency of its distribution system. The Navy and the Air Force are better trained than the Army, but a good part of their superior efficiency derives from the fact that they handle their own supply of technical matériel, depending on the Combined Service Forces only for food.

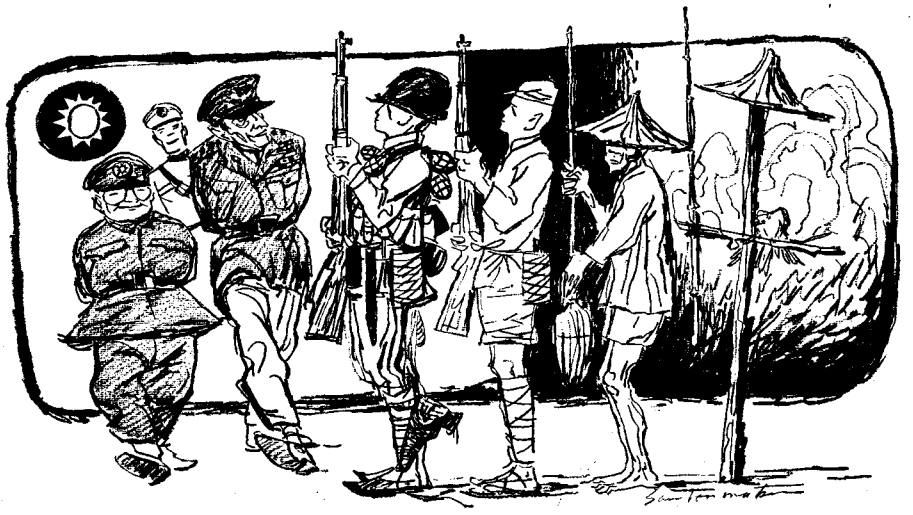
Since the Army's inventory-control system is primitive, it is almost impossible for a unit to obtain new equipment, though the matériel may be in warehouses ten miles distant. While equipment in service is deteriorating for lack of proper maintenance material, cannibalization is forbidden, since it would decrease the paper total of equipment.

An American sergeant, a specialist in motor repairs, complained, "CSF has never even heard of wheel-bearing grease, so we can't get it. But even if they had the stuff, it wouldn't do us any good, since every one of our fifty trucks has a vehicle book, and we can't touch the vehicle unless we have the book. So far we've been able to shake only one vehicle book loose from headquarters."

Medical Morass

Hospital and medical administration is also a function of the Combined Service Forces. This fact, plus lack of drugs and disregard for sanitation, largely accounts for the high monthly toll exacted by tuberculosis, malaria, and dysentery. In one camp in the south, a modern hospital building shelters one pneumonia patient lying on a straw pallet, while an old warehouse nearby houses nearly fifty patients in wooden beds. An administrative tangle makes it impossible to transfer the patients and their beds to the unused hospital building.

It is easy to see why sanitation is another source of despair among the



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American officers in the field, though one top sergeant who served with the Nationalist Armies for fourteen months in 1945-1946 told me, "They've improved sanitary conditions five hundred per cent in the past five years on their own." Nevertheless, cook shacks, latrines, and stagnant ditches in one camp form a pattern that looks like a U.S. Army field manual illustration of the worst possible sanitary arrangements. A latrine, a cook shack, another latrine and cook shack, and still a third latrine stand side by side within a space of seventy-five yards, while twenty feet behind runs a scum-covered ditch.

It seems impossible for unit commanders to alter such conditions, even if they are aware of the need for improvement. Cooks are usually old soldiers who stand in well with mess committees—another unique feature of the Nationalist military system. Mess committees are elected by their mates to administer mess funds provided by the CSF, since there is no "standard ration." The rice allowance is adequate, but the most distinctive accessory of the Chinese infantryman is still the heavy leather belt that comes just short of circling his waist twice, since he is too thin to need the entire length and too thrifty to cut any off.

Sea and Air

The sailor and the airman are generally better fed, better equipped, and better trained than the soldier. Despite the discrepancy between Air Force and Navy food allowances—$168 Formosan (U.S. $6.75) for fliers and $45 (U.S. $1.80) for seagoing personnel—the small Navy is relatively rich. Shortage of paint is its chief supply problem.

Both Air Force and Navy were described to me by U.S. officers as capable of joint operations with American units —no small praise from American Navy and Air Force officers. The Navy is run along British lines, but Air Force procedure is identical with that of our own. Both services appear capable of benefiting from the attentions of the American Advisory Group without far-reaching basic reforms. The 20,000-man Armored Force, under the command of Major General Chiang Wei-kuo, the Generalissimo's younger son, is a semi-autonomous unit, with detachments scattered throughout the island.

Despite the existence of these specialized units, whose efficiency is higher than the ground forces', the Army can draw no real support from them. Teamwork among the various arms, which one American general here has termed "the chief lesson of Korea," is a concept foreign to the Chinese military mind, which has just begun to absorb the lessons of the First World War. Yet the terrain of Formosa indicates that battles fought here will seem carbon copies of Korean ridge fighting.

Training for What?

If American strategists had not decided that Formosa was vital to the U.S. position in the Far East, the question of Chiang Kai-shek's military strength might be left to Congressional orators. But the decision to support the Nationalists with full-scale military assistance has made vital a realistic assessment of Formosa's military potential. That assessment should serve as a guide in the expenditure of the $217 million allotted for arms and the $81 million for economic aid in fiscal 1952.

It has been demonstrated in recent years that halfhearted support of Chiang Kai-shek is worse than no support at all. The United States therefore appears to be committed to a policy of restoring the Nationalist military establishment to full fighting effectiveness. Since a purely "defensive" army does not exist, this policy means equipping the Nationalists with the potential for offense as well as defense.

But no one on Formosa believes that Nationalist troops, however well equipped and trained, could accomplish more than a token invasion of the mainland on their own. They do, however, possess the potential of a force that could make Formosa secure against any attack that was not supported by the full weight of modern weapons. Although no American official here will acknowledge it in so many words, there is an underlying belief among the American military on Formosa that such a full-scale attack would bring direct participation of American troops.

U.S. policy is therefore directed toward making a force capable of holding the island and capable of fighting alongside American units. Invasion of the mainland is not a paramount thought in the minds of American planners. Most of them seem unaware that the Chinese do not share this attitude. They also do not seem sufficiently impressed with the fact that even Sun Li-jen (who has been criticized as too "pro-American") believes that it is not possible to cast the Nationalist forces in an exact American mold. Any attempt to do this seems bound to fail.

From the viewpoint of the Chinese, military activities on Formosa would be meaningless if it were not for the assumption that they were preparing for an invasion of the mainland. The Nationalists realize that their strength on Formosa is insufficient for invasion, while guerrilla operations on the mainland have become quiescent in the past six months, and those guerrillas who have remained active have been slipping from Formosa's control. Taipei is therefore depending on the imminent outbreak of a third world war to put it once more into active contention for the possession of continental China.

Chinese-American co-operation for restoration of the Kuomintang's military strength must therefore be carried on within the limits imposed by these two divergent assumptions. But the great gap between them, and the fact that it is never formally acknowledged, will continue to weaken Formosa militarily no matter how much matériel we pour into it.

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Pearson of Canada

Why Ottawa's Foreign Office usually refuses to rubber-stamp Washington

WALTER O'HEARN

LESTER BOWLES PEARSON, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, is not a man to be stampeded. When the long arm of a U.S. Senate purge reached across the border and touched one of his subordinates, Mike Pearson's response was characteristic. The accused official went to San Francisco with him as chief adviser for the Japanese treaty talks.

That is not the whole story. Canada was on record with a dignified protest to Washington, expressing surprise, regret, and annoyance at the Senatorial antics. The official in question, E. H. Norman, who was born in Japan, is a distinguished orientalist. He would have had the job in any case. Thorough investigation at home had cleared him of any smear of subversion.

Pearson's stand was backed by many Canadian editors, including leading Tories. Neither the editors nor Pearson were concerned about whether Norman in his salad days had known a few Communists, or even whether, as Canada's liaison chief in occupied Tokyo, he had run afoul of some of the men around MacArthur. It was simply a matter of a sovereign state's keeping its own house in order without benefit of headline hunters in another sovereign state. Canada, as Canadians are prone to point out tartly, has a better record than its neighbor in detecting and keeping down subversion.

Back in 1946, when other countries were still complacent about such dangers, Canada discovered the existence of a Soviet spy ring and acted swiftly and without fuss. A Royal Commission with a Justice of the Supreme Court at its head held secret hearings and issued a report that has become a classic of its kind. A number of persons were sent to trial. Those found guilty by a jury were sentenced to terms of imprisonment; the others were set free. At the time—and how odd it seems against the background of 1951—civil libertarians were concerned about this commission's procedure. Yet with the exception of one research scientist, none of the accused suffered prolonged hardship. They certainly didn't endure the tribulations of the average Congressional witness. In standing by Norman, the Canadian government was standing on its own record for internal security.

Nevertheless, the incident tells us something about Pearson himself. He has known favor in Washington and has likewise felt the harsh winds of criticism from that capital; he can evaluate both.

Constructive Opponent

The diminutions of favor have been evident on two planes, official and public. Members of the State Department, it can be said, respect Pearson and are fully aware of his professional excellence. Yet his position vis-à-vis these men is at once privileged and thorny. In today's context he represents the only constructive opposition to their policies.

The Department of State is no stranger to criticism: Under a constant barrage from Congress, it might be called the only Foreign Office in history compelled to fight a two-front war. Unfortunately, most of the Congressional criticism, when it is not malicious and partisan, is purely stupid. There is also criticism from abroad, and the traffic of suggestions and cautions from Whitehall is pretty constant. For reasons too complex to examine here, much British criticism of American policy is written off as sheer derogation. Criticism emanating from western Europe is colored by the special emotions of people who fight a cultural rear-guard action.

From Pearson, or any man in his place, American diplomacy can expect an unencumbered North American viewpoint, an appreciation of motives, and a general agreement on policy goals. At the same time, since he is subject to less internal pressure, possesses great experience, and enjoys a different angle of vision, his disagreements are often sharp and almost always pertinent. For these reasons the Canadian's dissents are uniquely valuable, but they are not always welcomed in a department already under fire.

Pearson's impact on the American public follows a similar but naturally a different pattern. At one time he was a minor hero in the popular press. A Foreign Minister who had played semi-pro baseball was a feature writer's dream. With his nickname and his aw-shucks affability, he was at least as American as apple pie. He spoke an understandable lingo. In certain kinds of field running as practiced in the United Nations, he was demonstrably smarter than the State Department's entries. It didn't matter as long as he played on the same team.

Slide from Grace

More recently America's favorite Canadian has undergone a build-down. He seems to be receding from the public consciousness of his neighbors under a haze of mild reproach. Mike has become Lester Bowles Pearson, the British Commonwealth figure who dares on occasion to differ with Washington. The Scripps-Howardites shun him. The *Time* crowd, once on the verge of nominating him "smartest little statesman," suddenly discovered that he has ambition and a lisp.

The Canadian Secretary of State for

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External Affairs is enough of a philosopher to take this slide from grace in good part. Some people still appreciate him. Oxford, his alma mater, conferred a D.C.L. upon him in June; at home, his political standing is high. Yet he may wonder about where the turning point came with his erstwhile admirers in the great republic to the south.

Being a man of some insight, he can probably explain why publicists who yesterday delighted to praise him today seek to run him down. The explanation is twofold. In the first place, Mr. Pearson's admiration for Chiang Kai-shek is well this side of idolatry, which stamps him a heretic in some quarters. In the second, while he admits that Washington is in the driver's seat and is content to have it that way, he is known to believe that other members of the Atlantic alliance should be permitted to look at the maps and to help plot the course.

The Canadian's lack of confidence in the Chinese Nationalists was quite evident last fall, when the fifth session of the U.N. General Assembly opened at Flushing Meadow. It was equally obvious that he didn't like the Peking régime, which his government has yet to recognize, but he occasionally referred to it in speeches by its correct if mouth-filling title of Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China, and he seemed to feel that one day we should all have to accept the facts of life and admit it into the diplomatic family.

Later, when Chinese "volunteers" entered the war and created a new situation, Pearson risked obloquy by advocating a limited war in Korea and peace negotiations in the broadest terms. He was dubbed an appeaser. Meeting that charge head-on in a broadcast on December 5, he said his policy "is not appeasement. It is an attempt, through diplomacy, to reach a modus vivendi with the Asian Communist world."

As recently as September 7, at San Francisco, Pearson took time out to differ publicly with the accepted Washington thesis that Red China had no place at the Japanese treaty table. He made it quite clear that the government that controls the China mainland once had a right to participate, but had forfeited the right by supporting aggression in Korea. China must learn, he warned, that "it cannot shoot its way into the United Nations, neither can it force its way . . . into a [peace] conference." He made a pointed analogy between Japan's aggression and downfall and the present tendency of "Japan's continental neighbor."

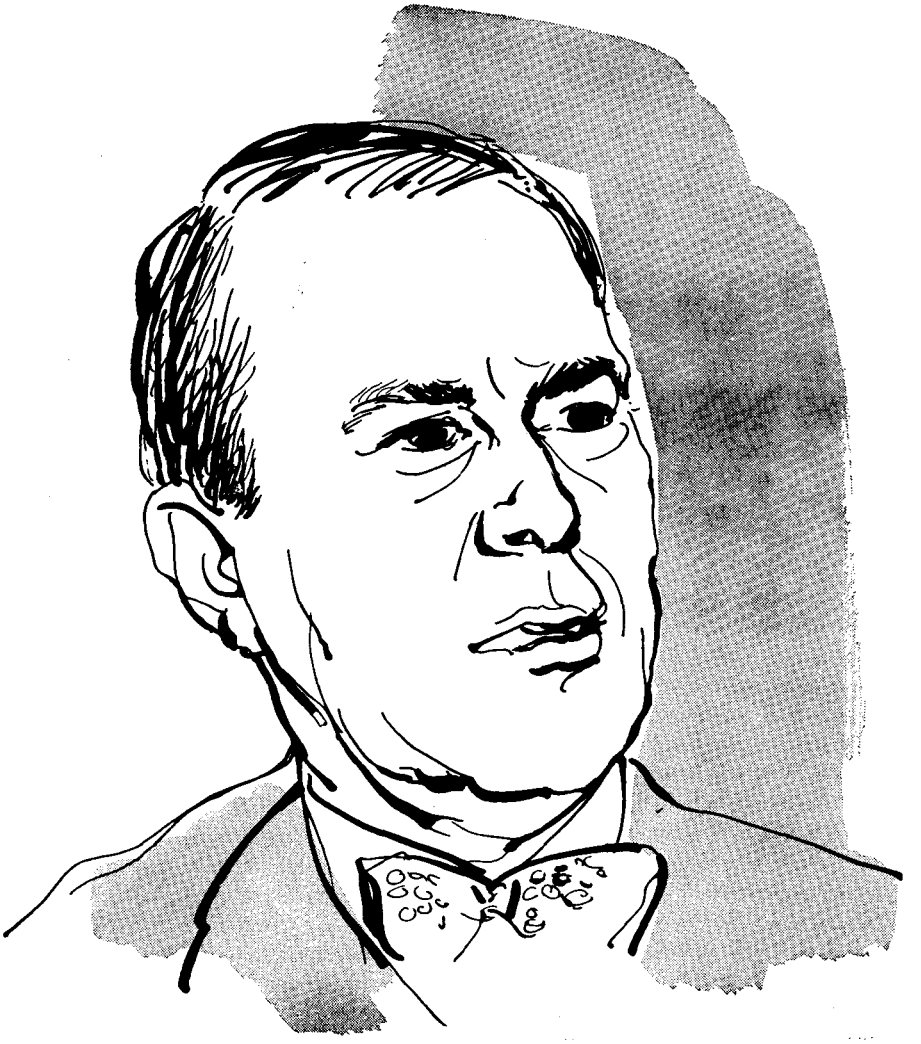
The language he employed was tougher than that used by any American delegate at San Francisco, yet it was clear that the Canadian was operating from a different premise. Clearly he recognized Peking as a power in the world, for good or ill, and would have no part of the notion that if we ignore Mao Tse-tung maybe he'll disappear.

The Right to Criticize

What really shook the sages of Rockefeller Center, however, was a Pearson speech delivered at Toronto on April 10. In it he said that Canada was not willing to be "merely an echo of somebody else's voice." He was willing to acknowledge that we were all going to hell or to glory in the same bucket, or, as he put it, that Canada would march forward with the United States "in the pursuit of objectives which we share.

"Nevertheless," Pearson added, "the days of relatively easy and automatic political relations with our neighbor are, I think, over." He reserved the right to criticize, "to talk with a frankness and confidence to the United States, which is not misunderstood there except possibly by a minority who think we shouldn't talk at all . . ."

The unfortunate thing about that speech was its timing: It was delivered on the eve of General Douglas MacArthur's dismissal. The Canadian had no way of knowing that Mr. Truman was planning to sack the great American folk hero in a matter of hours. Next day, the State Department brass showed more concern about the Pearson speech than they did about



Lester Pearson

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the gathering domestic storm. Their best friend and most capable critic was picking on them at a time when they were peculiarly vulnerable.

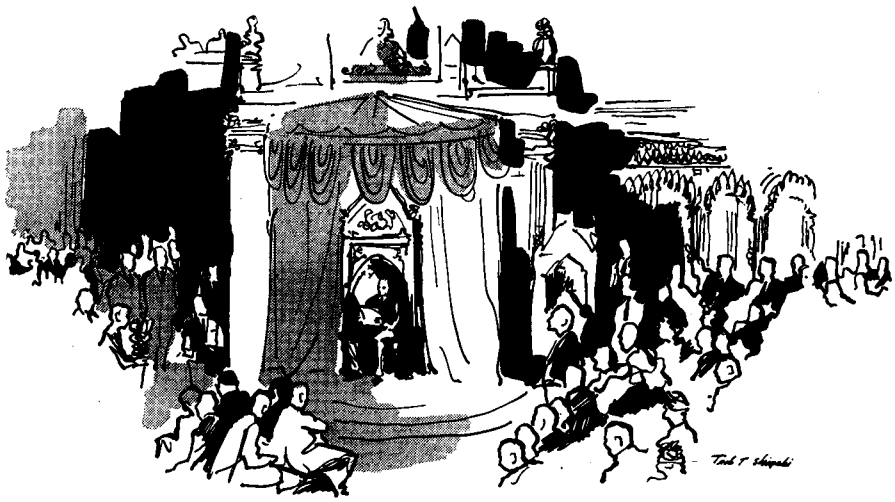
Probably, if he had known, Pearson would have tucked that speech away in his briefcase, but he would certainly have made it at some more opportune time. In the view of many Canadians, what he said needed to be said. To them, such statements aren't anti-American but constitute necessary protests against a tendency to disregard Canada. One of the leading Canadian magazines said recently that Canadians had struggled for a hundred years, mostly bloodlessly, against remaining a colony of Britain, and they hoped they weren't in for another hundred-year struggle against becoming a colony of the United States. That feeling is widespread enough to deserve official recognition, and it has some justification. Canadians *are* taken for granted. The head of their government can slip into New York like just another tourist, but when a minor Latin-American *Presidente* goes junketing he is not taken for granted at all. He is wooed with bunny hugs and ticker tape, protocol and banquets. Nobody in Ottawa wants this kind of fanfare, but Canadians do want to be something more than a basic assumption in the building of western foreign policy.

Their Foreign Minister, with a long record of calling diplomatic shots correctly, has an equally strong aversion to sitting still while shots are being miscalled or the ball is being fumbled.

For all that, he wouldn't have timed his speech to the MacArthur rumpus. The resulting wave of criticism, coming from a nation already stirred emotionally, almost inundated Ottawa. Some criticism, too, came from north of the border. Curiously enough, it came mostly from the high Tories of yesteryear who used to criticize the late Premier William Lyon Mackenzie King for his independence of Britain and for his tinkering with a thing they called the "Empah." It came, in other words, from nature's own colonials, who gravitate automatically and uncritically to the strongest center of power.

Calling the Turn

The target of all this criticism was perhaps the least ruffled man in Ottawa. Mike Pearson *rumples* easily; his collars wilt, his jaunty bow ties go askew, and his hair gets mussed, but he doesn't crack under fire.



In 1939, still a junior diplomat, he was criticized as a warmonger for insisting that Hitler would march on Poland. In this insistence he challenged the considered and cherished views of His Majesty's Governments in Britain and Canada. That year he canceled his home leave, flew back on his own initiative to his post in London, and a few weeks thereafter had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his worst fears confirmed.

Pearson was criticized at home in 1947 when he talked back to Britain by supporting the U.S. view on the partition of Palestine. That was the year when, as chairman of a subcommittee, he got the Soviet and American delegates in a locked room and kept after them until they agreed to joint sponsorship of the Palestine decision.

The role he played was not universally popular in Canada, where anti-Zionist currents were strong at the time. The outcry would have been greater if people back home had realized that a career diplomat and civil servant had singlehandedly sold this policy to the government. At one period Pearson was having as difficult a time convincing his own Cabinet bosses of the necessity of partition as he was with the Soviet and American diplomats. At the close of the Palestine debate in the political committee of the Assembly in 1947 he made a long and strangely rambling speech. When an aide handed him a scribbled note, he wound up hastily with the announcement that his country would vote for partition. He hadn't known this when he entered the chamber, and had sparred for time until the necessary permission could be extracted by telephone.

He was criticized in 1948 when he quit career diplomacy and jumped into politics, running for Parliament and taking Cabinet rank. He still has his critics among Canadian politicians. There is a legend in Ottawa that Mr. Mackenzie King, who liked to plan ahead, selected Louis St. Laurent as his successor and Pearson as his successor's successor. Old-time party hacks, of a type familiar in Washington, decry the Secretary for External Affairs as a newcomer to politics who knows nothing about domestic problems. Others deplore him as a natural politician who mastered the rules of the game too easily.

Pearson's American reputation was built up during his time as a career civil servant, first as Minister Counselor, then as ambassador to Washington, later as the hero of a succession of free-for-alls in the United Nations. When that body convened in London in 1946, Britain and the United States favored the Canadian's candidacy for secretary-general and settled for Trygve Lie only because the U.S.S.R. wouldn't have Pearson at any price. Since that time he has been a favorite target for Soviet gibes. These, too, roll off his back.

The Career

The object of all this attention was born in Toronto, played semi-professional baseball, and worked for one summer in a Chicago meat-packing plant. In the First World War he

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served with the old Royal Flying Corps and developed a distaste for air transport which has stayed with him all his life. He got to Oxford on a Massey Foundation Fellowship after that war.

In 1928, when he was tapped for Canada's brand-new Foreign Service, Pearson was a thirty-one-year-old assistant professor of history at the University of Toronto. He joined the department as a first secretary and was still a first secretary ten years later, but the coming of the war he had foreseen brought him more rapid promotion. In 1946, having made an outstanding record as ambassador at Washington, he was made Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, permanent head of the department. He quit a year and a half later to become the political, if less permanent, head of the same office. The department he inherited was partly his own creation. Canada's Foreign Service is barely a quarter of a century old. Even so, it is a good many years older than a Canadian foreign policy, which began to take outline only after the close of the Second World War. Three men have been the chief architects of that policy: Mackenzie King, who wanted to see his country stand on its own feet; St. Laurent, who first defined that policy clearly in a series of public statements; and Pearson himself.

Canada's Policy

The fundamentals of that policy were and are: first, adherence to the United Nations, which continues to be the place where "middle-" and small-power spokesmen can make their influence felt; second, a candid recognition of the U.N.'s present limits as a controlling force and a consequent reliance upon regional arrangements capable of deterring aggression, so long as these arrangements are consistent with the U.N. Charter; third, a general identity of view with the United States and Great Britain without blind commitment to either or both.

In practice, when Britain and the United States speak with one voice, Canada can usually be counted upon to go along, but not always. There was, for example, the rumpus early in 1948 when the government at Ottawa showed astonishing prescience about Korea and bucked the whole trend of western opinion to warn of the dangers

of setting up a republic in a divided state. Pearson carried on that fight in Washington, where he pleaded with the President, and at Lake Success, where only Australia would side with him. Again in January of this year, when the United States sought a resolution condemning Chinese aggression, Pearson and Canada supported it in the showdown, but first he had persuaded the Americans to modify it. Once it had been modified so that it simply recognized the fact of aggression and gave mediation a priority over sanctions, the Canadian was instrumental in persuading Britain to back the resolution in the U.N.

The Canadian idea that mediation must be stretched to the uttermost point in the difficult and dangerous Far Eastern situation was in accord with Pearson's thinking, but few people outside Canada realize how fully it was endorsed by Pearson's Prime Minister. Louis St. Laurent, that old-fashioned Quebec gentleman and Catholic layman, is also a warm friend of Jawaharlal Nehru. Through most of last winter they worked together in an effort to extend the area of peace, only to part company on the question of branding aggression.

Yet Mr. St. Laurent, who foresaw the necessity of the North Atlantic Treaty in 1947, two years before it was signed, is obviously no disciple of Gandhi. Neither has he been a meddlesome chief. Since turning the External Affairs portfolio over to Pearson, he has continued to influence policy, just as he allowed Pearson to influence it when the latter was still Under Secretary.

Either way, Canadian External Affairs have been increasingly Mike Pearson's show. There has been talk in Canada of moving him to another portfolio to give him more domestic seasoning. If that happens, it will be sufficient evidence that he has been tagged for the leadership of the Liberal Party. It will also require some adjustment from a man who has lived for twenty-three years in the thick of diplomacy. Nor does one envy his successor in External Affairs. The department, perhaps the brightest of the newer Foreign Services, has grown up around Pearson and is staffed with men who are curiously like him in background—the manse, the scholarships, years at Oxford, and years of teaching. They are a loyal and adaptable crew, but Pearson is the spark that sets them running. He is a long way from being a superb organizer, as most of his aides will admit, and he takes too much on himself. At the same time his combination of experience, sheer intuition, and ability to reduce a complex situation to a lucid, parsable summary has been the guiding force in Canadian diplomacy since it came of age.

'Scorched Ice'

Pearson has a tidy wit. Back in 1948, he was en route to Berlin with General A. G. L. McNaughton, when their plane touched down at Amsterdam. The Dutch reporters wanted to know about Canada's plans in the event of Arctic invasion. McNaughton, a sober, scholarly soldier who was then Canada's security delegate, started out on a long dissertation about Arctic warfare. Pearson cut in with: "We've got a policy, of course. We call it 'scorched ice.' "

Americans probably react the more violently to criticism from Pearson because he is so like themselves. They forget that this resemblance doesn't spell identity. He is North American but with a difference. That difference is spelled out in more than a century of different political aspirations and conditioning. Canadians have a different angle of approach; they also have enough sense to realize that this continent has a common destiny. At times their angle may enable them to see farther than the next fellow, and when that angle is ignored they get mad. Not because of the slight but because of a tendency which could bring the common enterprise to ruin.

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Calabrian 'Millennium': Land for the Landless

JOHN ROSSELLI

LAND REFORM is an old story in Italy. Until recently it has been little more than a story—something that politicians and professors talked and wrote about in Milan, Rome, or Naples, while in the remote countryside, southern Italy especially, the peasants remained as wretchedly poor as before, and the semi-feudal system of landownership scarcely changed from one century to the next.

In the spring of 1950 the Italian Government launched a new land-reform program that was intended to be effective and far-reaching. It began by drawing up a plan for a nation-wide reform, but this has not yet been passed into law and may never be, because Italy's agricultural problems vary so much from region to region that no single plan can possibly solve them. Instead the Government has decided to tackle the problem where it seems most urgent. In May, 1950, Parliament passed a law for the breakup and redistribution of large estates in the Sila district of Calabria; and a second law, passed in October, 1950, set out to do the same thing by somewhat different methods over wide areas of central and southern Italy. According to government estimates, this second law will lead to the expropriation of about 1,750,000 acres (four per cent of Italy's total agricultural land, but of course a much higher percentage of the areas covered by the law). As this part of the reform only got under way this year, it is still too early to study its results. The Sila reform, on the other hand, had a head start and is the guinea pig for the whole project of Italian land reform.

The Land

The Sila district of Calabria falls into two distinct areas, which together make up the ball of the Italian foot. One is the Sila proper—a rolling inland plateau of ancient, time-worn granite, over three thousand feet high, well watered and fairly well wooded—though not so well as when its pines supplied the Roman and Byzantine fleets with masts. From the outer edge of the plateau long chains of hills fall gradually to the Ionian Sea. To enter this region from the Sila is to pass from a shabbier Switzerland into North Africa. Pines give way to chestnuts, and these to infrequent olives and cactuses. On the lower slopes the merest trickle of water can set an orange grove blooming; but generally there is no water, or else there is too much: The torrential rains of winter and the melted Sila snows in the spring rush down the hillsides, carving out jagged gullies and wide river beds which then lie stony and dry throughout the summer. It is a harsh country of bare hills crowned here and there by fortress-like villages.

The condition of this land played as great a part in bringing about the Sila Law for land reform as political considerations did; the law was, in fact, an emergency measure forced on the Administration by a desperate local situation. The malignant disease from which the Sila and other southern Italian regions suffer is usually diagnosed as the prevalence of huge, undercultivated estates. There is no inherent reason why large property should be incompatible with rational agriculture, but here, for reasons that are embedded in centuries of history, it has been so. All over the district one is told, "This is [or, rather significantly, *was*] Barracco's, or Berlingieri's, or Galluccio's"—sometimes as far as the eye can see.

The appearance of their land is enough to condemn Barracco and Berlingieri as landowners. Near Cutro, a village a few miles inland, is what was once a valley, with the recognizable shape of valleys all over the world. Deforestation and the persistent cultivation of wheat long ago robbed the earth of its natural defenses. Water has done the rest, tearing the soft clay away from the hilltops, pushing it out into the valley in long, thick fingers, whose sides it has then worn down until sometimes nothing is left but a crest of earth between two gullies. The valley, filled with these chaotic hillocks, brown with stubble and glaringly white with crumbling clay, looks literally like nothing on earth. "The mountains of the moon," Carlo Levi has called them. "A land that cries out for vengeance," said a young agricultural expert.

Its Fragmentation

Large property may be the cause of this desolation, but it is not always realized that the land in these parts has not been cultivated in large units for a long time; on the contrary, it has been split up to the point of fragmentation. The usual practice has been for the great baronial owners—or rather their agents, since the barons were mostly absentees—to let out the land to the peasants in small lots and on precarious short-term contracts. Naturally no peasant will try to improve his holding when he knows his lease will soon expire. He will work the land for what he can get and then move on.

Small property—of which there was more than one might think—also suffered from this fragmentation; one peasant sometimes owned eight or ten tiny plots, all of them two or three hours' walk or muleback ride from the village. Methods of agriculture were medieval, and the Fascist policy of growing grain indiscriminately in the name of national self-sufficiency made

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matters worse. True, there were exceptions. A peasant owner, given a fair-sized holding and good land, could plant vines or olive or fruit trees and become relatively well off. But mostly the small owner was little better off than his tenant neighbor.

The People

The people of Calabria have endured these conditions for centuries, living, most of them, one family to a one-room house, earning between $180 and $300 a year, eating bread and *pasta* and, often enough, no more than eight pounds of meat a year. In the past they were famous for their brigandage, which was at bottom the desperate protest of a people at once fiercely individualistic and united in the face of intrusion and oppression against an intolerable condition of life.

Brigandage has long since died out, but the underlying spirit that produced it has not. Behind the unhurried courtesy of these people, the casual visitor senses a hard core of aloofness; their dark, gaunt faces, so unlike the usual florid and open Italian countenance, suggest that despite successive invasions by Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Normans, and the rest, these are still in the main the aboriginal inhabitants of Italy, caught in a tangle of inherited wretchedness from which they are only beginning to hope they may one day escape.

Their chief trouble is that they are too many. Emigration to America once acted as a safety valve, but in the last thirty or forty years the population has grown at a frightening rate. San Giovanni in Fiore, which had 13,000 inhabitants in 1931, has 20,000 today; Melissa, one of the poorest villages, has increased by sixty per cent in the same period.

Since the land has not been getting any bigger or richer, and since very little trade or industry has come in, most people are worse off than they were twenty or thirty years ago. This perfect realization of Malthus's nightmare explains the agitation that took place in Calabria after the war. The peasants' haphazard occupation of fallow land—culminating in clashes with the police and, at Melissa, in violent death—solved nothing. The newly occupied lands were if anything worse than the old, and no better used; the co-operatives in which the occupiers

banded together—some Communist, some not—could not achieve prosperity by adding up poverty. No Government could have afforded to let this semi-revolutionary situation last. Hence the Sila Law.

Those concerned with the reform like to point out that here, for the first time in history, a fairer distribution of land is being carried out in times of relative peace and order. This is not strictly true: A British Tory Government did much the same thing, for much the same reason, by means of the Irish Land Purchase Act of 1903—a successful measure that was known at the time as "killing Home Rule with kindness."

The Italian land laws are unofficially meant to kill Communism with timely reform. Their official aims fall under three heads: a rational use of the land, the creation of small property, and the satisfaction of the peasants' land hunger. As the Opera Sila—the government agency responsible for carrying out the law—has found, these aims are not altogether compatible.

The first step was to expropriate the land. The law stated that all properties over 750 acres *could* be expropriated against compensation. This meant that the Opera's experts were given a wide margin of discretion, which, in fact, they used to spare the few large properties in the area that were efficiently run.

In the Sila, owners were naturally unco-operative, and the land register was hopelessly out of date. The Opera often had to adopt Sherlock Holmes methods in order merely to find out who owned what. By now it has taken over more than half the 190,000 acres scheduled for expropriation—about one-fifth of the total farming area of the district. The rest is made up of previously existing properties under 750 acres (including the portions the expropriated owners were left with), of the few large properties that were spared, and of such pastures and woods as were too far gone to be improved.

The next step laid down by the Sila Law is the assignment of expropriated land to those peasants who own little or nothing. They come into full ownership only at the end of thirty years, during which they are to pay rent, may not sell their land, and must co-operate with the Opera in improving it. Before this step can be taken a census has to be made of every family in every village: its income, its present holdings if any, its numbers down to the last child, chicken, and goat.

Since the Opera's policy is not to wait and do everything in due order, but to push ahead with everything at once, it has assigned land temporarily, brought in tractors for the first time to plow and clear the fields of brush and stones, sown crops, planted trees, leveled gullies, planned new villages, and begun roads, aqueducts, and irrigation schemes—all in a breathless race against time and a deteriorating situation.

Salvaging Land

All this may sound like a master plan being carried out on a grand and uniform scale. That is the impression the Fascists liked to give of their enterprises, and it is a false one. The Opera Sila's work entails an infinite capacity for taking pains over minute local details. Calabrian communities may be primitive, but they are not simple; and the attempt to reform them has already raised several major problems.

The Sila Law was meant to establish small property and rational agriculture. But, as critics on both the Left and

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Right have pointed out, small property, intensively cultivated, is not the most rational way of using this land: The new owner, struggling with a plot too small and too poor to support a family, will be scarcely better off than before. Professor Rossi Doria, the Opera's chief agricultural consultant, has recently admitted that the ideal use for much of the hill country would be pasture and woods. Others doubt whether the Sila plateau itself is suited to the grains and vegetables which the Opera has been sowing broadcast.

But what is to be done when every village swarms with a constantly growing population, most of it underfed? British landlords of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries solved the problem by throwing thousands of cottagers out of the countryside altogether. The Opera can only make the best of things as they are. The acres already swept into the sea cannot be put back, but what is left can be saved by new methods, such as contour plowing—previously unheard of—and new tools and new crops. It is a work of salvage.

Near Santa Severina there is a gully, typically ravaged by erosion. At its mouth an earthen dike was built last year. When the rains came they swept more clay down the gully, as usual; but this time the dike stopped it, until the dammed clay formed a tiny fertile patch about thirty feet square, where vegetables now grow. The sight is touching and yet disquieting. Although Italy's very soil is the fruit of countless such tiny victories over nature, what is this pocket handkerchief to Santa Severina's annual batch of 250 new mouths?

The basic problem—too many people living on too little land—remains unchanged, and often forces the reform into unexpected paths. Much of the expropriated land is too poor to support a single farm. If it is to be shared out fairly, the new owner must be given a patch of watered land here, a couple of olive trees there, and a larger plot of dry wheatland elsewhere.

In some villages it happens that there are few large holdings to be expropriated. At San Giovanni, for instance, there are only 2,500 expropriated acres to 20,000 inhabitants. The Opera cannot give a few men viable holdings and the others, equally needy, nothing; the village would not stand for it. It would be almost as difficult to give the men of San Giovanni land lying within the boundaries of neighboring villages, for the Calabrians have a strong sense of municipal patriotism. The upshot is that every man whom his present poverty entitles to a share will get it. It will not be much; but at any rate he will be a little less poor than before.

Co-operative Farming

Perhaps the most interesting result of the Sila reform is that in the face of inexorable material conditions, the Christian Democrats' dream of independent small property has faded. Indeed, the law as drafted by the Minister of Agriculture, Antonio Segni, called for the formation of agricultural co-operatives, and bound the new owners to belong to them for at least twenty years; but the Government's supporters may not have realized how far circumstances would push the reform in this direction. To begin with, some kinds of expropriated land—woods and such pasture as will be spared from the plow—cannot be broken up. They will be held and used communally. But even in areas seemingly ideal for the creation of self-contained holdings, facts have forced the Opera to set up a kind of co-operative farming instead.

In the Capo Rizzuto region, for instance—a low, flat plateau by the sea—the land is fairly rich, and as it happens there is enough of it for every new owner to have a self-sufficient holding of fifteen acres or more. But there is no water; therefore water must be brought in; therefore the new farmhouses, instead of standing each in its own land, will have to cluster around the water tower; therefore each farmer will have not a single plot but several all around the village. The vines will all stand together in one place, the olives in another, the wheat in yet another. So the farmers will simply have to co-operate over such matters as windbreaks, roads, and irrigation ditches; and if all goes well the Opera will help them to do so.

So far, the most luxuriant plant grown by the Sila reform has been political controversy. To the Communists, of course, any partial reform of this kind is anathema; besides, they fear a weakening of their own influence over the peasants.

The right-wing parties, and behind them the landowners, are naturally hostile. Most important, the Christian Democrats, though officially committed to reform, have always had a right wing opposed to it. The Calabrian branch of the party in particular, led by an energetic priest, Don Nicoletti, has persistently criticized the reform—not in principle, but on the grounds that the Opera is wasting government and ERP funds, and that some of its experts are Communists.

There are two main reasons for this attitude. First, Christian Democracy in Calabria centers about the middling landowners. These men have felt the blow of expropriation much more keenly than the great barons, who seldom took much interest in their property anyway. Second, many Christian Democrats hoped that, under the magical spell of reform, Communism would vanish from Calabria. It has not vanished; if anything it is on the increase, for the creation of a conscious peasant-proprietor class is a long-term business, and meanwhile the peasants, having achieved a little, listen readily enough

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to those who will promise them more.

Caught among all these conflicting critics, the Opera's experts are in a difficult position. The peasants are mostly suspicious of them because so much has been promised in the past and so little ever performed; and they cannot be too sure of continued support from the Government. Yet the Government, unless it is bent on suicide, can hardly give up what it has begun. And in any case the power of Barracco and Berlingieri has been broken—or rather the power of Barracco's and Berlingieri's agents, and of their friends the local lawyer and doctor and druggist—the small cliques that have run Southern Italy for centuries.

At San Giovanni in Fiore, three thousand feet up on the edge of the plateau, there is a Gothic abbey—now an old people's home—founded by the Abbot Joachim, a twelfth-century theologian and prophet. Recently, as a nun took a party of visitors round the crypt and showed them the buried bones of the founder abbot, she was asked whether he had been canonized. "No," she replied. "You see, he wasn't quite orthodox: He said God the Father had reigned at first, and then the Son had succeeded him; but one day there would come the reign of the Holy Ghost—the millennium." She paused to let this heresy sink in, and then added, with a shrewd peasant twinkle in her eyes: "You know, the Church has to move a little slowly . . ."

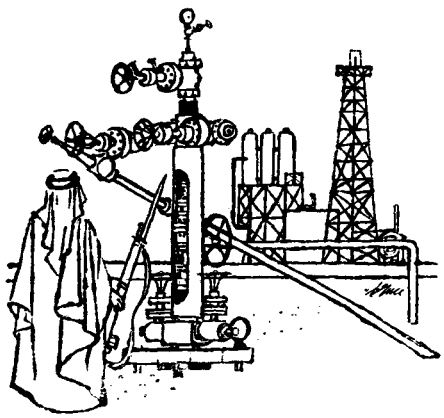
The world has moved slowly in Calabria. What it is now doing will not bring about the reign of the Holy Ghost, but it may help a few hundred thousand people to lead more tolerable lives here and now.

New Oil for Europe

How two tiny and obscure sheikdoms are making up for the loss of Iran's output

WHILE Iran's Premier Mohammed Mossadegh was dickering with British and American diplomats in Washington over the disposition of his country's oil, his compatriots back in Abadan, at the head of the Persian Gulf, were busy trying to get the world's largest refinery back into operation. So far the trickle of oil from Abadan has apparently been exceeded by the trickle of optimistic bulletins from Iran's government Oil Commission. But the tremendous oil deficit so freely predicted when the Iranian crisis first broke has not appeared even in Britain, where gasoline is still unrationed.

Heavy-laden tankers bound for Europe still come down the Persian Gulf almost as regularly as before, and their new ports of call are not far from the old. Only forty-odd miles from Abadan lies the small sheikdom of Kuwait, and only 125 miles across the gulf from Iran is the peninsula of Qatar. Beneath the sand of each are pools of oil almost as rich as Iran's, and their new riches may one day raise political problems as acute as that country's.



Kuwait

Kuwait, at the northwestern pocket of the Persian Gulf, was up to five years ago still a country with a Biblical economy, with 150,000 inhabitants occupying six thousand square miles abounding in sand, heat, fleas, poverty, and illiteracy. Because of its good harbor at Al-Kuwait, the capital, many of the Kuwaiti became seafaring traders, docking at ports as far away as Cochin, Zanzibar, and the Malabar Coast.

The little country had a momentary appearance on the international scene around the turn of the century, when one of the great German projects was the building of the strategic Berlin-to-Baghdad Railway. Kuwait was favored as the terminus, and in order to bring the territory under direct Turkish (and hence German) control, the Sultan's forces made an attempt in 1898 to occupy the sheikdom. But Britain protested the move so strongly and challengingly that the Sultan abandoned it. The following year the Sheik of Kuwait, Mubarak Ibn-Sabah, put his domain under the protection of the British Empire. For two decades thereafter, nothing much happened to disturb the ancient ways of Kuwait, which was forgotten by the world and left to its sands, its fleas, and its seafarers.

And then, in the oil-hunt era following the First World War, the Kuwaiti were made aware that they were sitting on a treasure greater than that of the storied opulence of the Caliphs. The sand which was the eternal symbol and reminder of their poverty was now said by geologists to cover one of the largest oil reservoirs in the world—perhaps the greatest. It was incredible to

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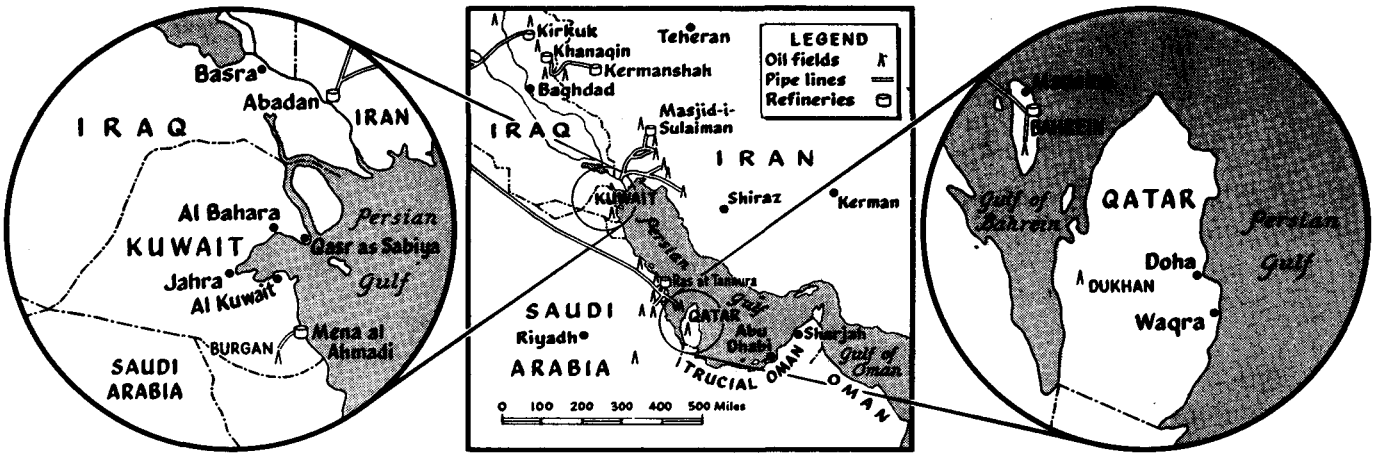

everyone, including the then Sheik, but the oil companies made it seem credible by coming through with money for a concession. The concessionary firm, the Kuwait Oil Company, is jointly operated by subsidiaries of the British-controlled Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and the Gulf Oil Corporation of America, and it has exclusive oil-production rights in the sheikdom for another fifty-eight years.

The Sheik Cashes In

It took a long time to install equipment and get started, but once the oil gushed there was a sudden end to the traditional life of the Kuwaiti. Fifteen thousand of them went to work in the oil fields. Most of them, if not much richer than before, could at least envy the new wealth of their Sheik.

Most of the oil is taken out of the rich fields of Burgan, about thirty miles south of Al-Kuwait. In order to process crude oils, a refinery with a capacity of 25,000 barrels was built in 1949 near the coast at Mena al Ahmadi. In May, 1951, production of the Kuwait Oil Company was increased to an estimated yearly average of 24,600,000 tons. Measured against the 32,000,000 tons produced yearly in Iran, the output of the Kuwait fields is remarkable.

The sole owner and main beneficiary of this property is Sheik Abdulla As-Salim As-Subar. The fifty-five-year-old ruler often spends the morning hunting gazelles in the desert or watching Arab horses race. Afterwards, he and his company may go to view the oil fields from a 27½-foot-long Rolls-Royce, and then drive to the docks and watch the big tankers load—a favorite afternoon pastime of the royalty-conscious Sheik. Abdulla may then leave for his harem or perhaps take his entourage cruising in the Persian Gulf on his 195-foot gold-trimmed yacht—a gift from the oil companies.

The Sheik, with the co-operation of the Kuwait Oil Company, has introduced sanitation and built good hospitals, some schools, gas lines for cooking, roads, water-supply systems, and houses. He has done this out of his tax-free income of $45,000 a day.

Although this sum may seem sizable, as of this month the Sheik is getting a raise—to $384,000 a day. His representative in London recently achieved this startling fifty-fifty deal with the Kuwait Oil Company. The negotiator firmly denied to the press that the Sheik was trying to take squeeze-play advantage of the Iranian unpleasantness. "The attitude of the ruler of Kuwait toward the Kuwait Oil Company is one of complete friendliness," said the representative. In fact, there being wheels within wheels, the Sheik himself is being squeezed somewhat. Nationalist leaders and groups in the Middle East, resenting the seemingly cozy alliances between autocrats and foreign oil companies, have taken to inflaming the autocrats' subjects against them, and there is always someone—or several someones—to be bought off, with the cost of blackmail being raised constantly.

Over two thousand persons now reside in the new American-British community of Ahmedi, seven miles from the coast. Their air-conditioned hermeticism has unfortunately made them oblivious to the needs of the Arab, and flare-ups have occurred between the creatures of temperate-zone comfort and the oven-baked denizens of the outer wastes. Diplomacy and improved working conditions, however, have helped to reduce animosity.

—Albert A. Brandt

Qatar

In the pre-oil age, Qatar, on the southern shore of the Persian Gulf, was a mere geographical expression for an unsurveyed Arabian peninsula of uncertain political status. Its few thousand inhabitants, predominantly nomadic, lived meagerly. Camels and goats were their only assets. Late in the nineteenth century, when Britain, Russia, and Germany were vying for zones of influence in the Persian Gulf, the Sheik of Qatar signed a treaty with Britain. In return for small subsidies the Sheik promised not to enter into political or commercial relations with

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other powers. The promise was well kept, for no other power thought Qatar worth the temptation of a counter-offer, and Britain did not even have to send "resident advisers" to guard against unexpected sunsets for the Empire. But Qatar's seclusion and unattractiveness did not operate entirely to its disadvantage. The uncourted peninsula enjoyed an absence of the conflicts that have plagued nearly all parts of the colonial or semi-colonial world.

Even in the lush era of the oil hunt, when it was found that Qatar too held oil deposits, no great foreign enthusiasm for the discovery was evident. The eternally hot and humid climate of the peninsula made geological surveying impossible during the summer. There was no harbor at all, and little labor for building one was available on the reef-fringed coast. The sheikdom, hungry for concessionaires, could not even shop independently for one, for it had already been told by the oil companies that if Qatar were ever exploited, the job would definitely be in the hands of a subsidiary organization of the great Iraq Petroleum Company, in which American, British, French, Dutch, and other capital participates. Finally, in 1932, a concession agreement was signed, but there followed another long wait. It was not until December, 1949, that the first oil was pumped. Oil troubles looming elsewhere had put the engineers to work with a rush, making Qatar the scene of heroic toil and achievement. Over 100,000 tons of equipment and material had to be imported over the first jetty built in Qatar before the first drop of oil could be produced.

The Squeeze Is On

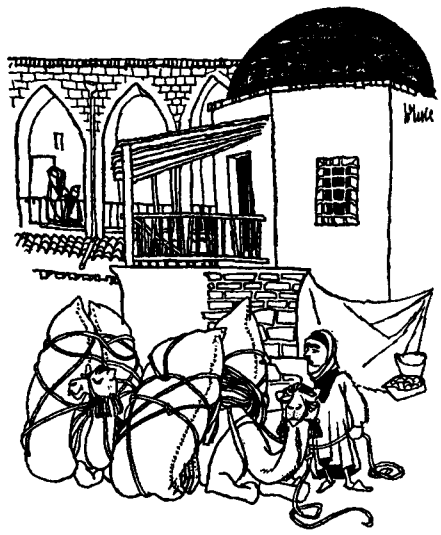
In 1950 Qatar's wells yielded enough oil to replace five per cent of that now lost from Iran. From the moment when Premier Mossadegh of Iran uttered his first intimation of nationalization, little Qatar stepped up its production and managed to increase it by a third. Life has become exciting for the Sheik of Qatar. His handsome revenue is autocratically secure from publication, either as to its amount or its dispensation. He has put some of it into the establishment of a police force, and the oil companies have helped him build hospitals and distilling plants that provide good drinking water. But after a year the royalties have already become inadequate to maintain the sheikdom in the style of its new dignities, and steps have been taken to force higher revenues or profit participation out of the oil companies.

Underwater Jurisdiction

The Sheik of Qatar is perhaps the most internationally conscious of all the Arabian sheiks. His sheikdom may be small, but his eye ranges the globe. Like his richer and more powerful neighbor Ibn Saud, who dreamed of dictating the policies of London and Washington through his oil, Qatar's Sheik has international ideas, although they are more modest and discreet than those of Ibn Saud.

In 1945, for example, when President Truman proclaimed that all minerals and other products found underneath the shallow seas of the United States continental shelf came under national "jurisdiction and control," the Sheik of Qatar decided that what was good enough for the infidel Caliph in Washington was good enough for him. He claimed underwater jurisdiction in the Persian Gulf adjacent to his territories. Eleven other states shoring on the Gulf did the same, but only Qatar took immediate steps to exploit these resources. The Sheik signed a contract conceding them to an independent American oil company. Naturally, the Iraq Petroleum Company, which had spent millions on Qatar, objected forcefully, holding that its concession covered all possessions of the Sheik, underwater as well as subsoil.

Just as in the case of Iran, the Sheik asserted that the sovereign rights of states enabled him to make or unmake laws and concessions in his country as he saw fit. However, the Sheik stated that he was willing to submit the dispute to the judgment of a referee. The referee, Lord Radcliffe, decided that the Sheik's sovereign rights extended three miles from his territories into the waters and underwaters of the Persian Gulf, and up to those limits the 1932 concession of the Iraq Petroleum Company remained valid and inviolate. Beyond those limits, however, the Sheik's rights were neither sovereign nor territorial, and only in those open waters of the Gulf could the Qatar concession of the American and British companies apply. This Solomon-like judgment was accepted by all parties. The Sheik got less than he had bargained for and he remains largely dependent on the Iraq Petroleum Company and its concession, but he won a kind of renown and certain definite rewards for having been willing to arbitrate, thereby setting a fine western example for the Middle East.



Another Shiekdom Heard From

His example was soon followed by others. The Sheik of Abu Dhabi, whose domain is on the Trucial Oman coast of the Gulf, decided that arbitration was an excellent thing. In 1939 he had assigned oil rights for land territories and coastal waters to the British Trucial Coast Petroleum Development Company. In 1950 he gave similar rights to the American Superior Oil Company. When the British company complained that this was hardly fair, the Sheik said sternly, "Arbitrate!"

The British could not very well reject the institution of arbitration without the Sheik's reminding them of Magna Carta and other milestones of liberty, so that they submitted to arbitration, which is going on in Paris. The Sheik himself came to Paris for the opening hearings—the first time he had left his native Arabia. More of these arbitrations are expected, and meanwhile a general situation is developing in which British companies are digging for oil on the land while American companies seek oil in the waters a few miles offshore. Should the policy of arbitration become permanent on the Persian Gulf, the Sheik of Qatar will go down in local history as the Great Innovator.

—ALEXANDER MELAMID

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Hitler's Would-be Heirs

Dr. Fritz Dorls and his adherents are very chagrined that anyone should accuse them of totalitarian ideas

LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER

In the near future the leaders of the German Socialist Reich Party (S.R.P.) will be summoned before the Constitutional Court of the Federal Republic in Karlsruhe to defend their party's right to exist. The Government of Konrad Adenauer will charge that the party is neo-Nazi and that its leaders are openly working for a return to the Brown Shirt era of 1933-1945.

Of the party's leaders, former Nazi Major General Otto Ernst Remer, who was instrumental, as an unknown major, in crushing the July 20, 1944, anti-Hitler revolt, enjoys the greatest prominence and does most of the speechmaking. But it will be Dr. Fritz Dorls, the party's real No. 1 man, who takes the witness stand to explain that the Government's accusations are completely false and that actually the S.R.P. is a peaceful, democratic, anti-fascist political association.

In his testimony, Dorls may use the same words he did when I visited him in his Bundestag office recently.

"The Socialist Reich Party," he told me, "favors parliamentary government. We had nothing to do with the old Nazi Party or its ideology. We're good democrats. We have fewer ex-Nazis on our membership rolls than any other party."

Dr. Franz Richter, a Sudeten German expellee from Czechoslovakia who holds the No. 2 party card—General Remer carries No. 3—sat next to Dorls and nodded emphatic agreement. Both men laughed at the idea that their party's unexpected successes in local elections in Lower Saxony, Schleswig-Holstein, and Bremen were a threat to West Germany's infant democracy. Neither could understand why the Adenauer Government and Kurt Schumacher's Socialist opposition, which are usually at each other's throats, agree on at least one point—that the S.R.P. must be removed.

Dorls himself is a former Nazi Party member and a doctor of philosophy who earned his living writing editorials for a Nazi newspaper during the Hitler régime. Dorls, unlike some of the old Nazi leaders, has nothing cold and forbidding about him. He is a slender man of medium height, with lean and craggy features, and is quick to break into a smile that radiates warmth and *Gemütlichkeit*. General Remer is considered the party orator, while Dorls specializes in convincing small groups over afternoon coffee.

Those Mystic Germans

"The Socialist Reich Party," Dorls explained to me, "wants a stronger Germany. Surely the whole world would be better off if Germany regained her political health. But recovery cannot be accomplished by the present all-talk and no-action Government. I regret that Germany is not like the English-speaking countries, where the majority political party dominates the Government and the people accept the situation. No, here it is different. In Germany the Government must stand above the parties. That is the will of the German people."

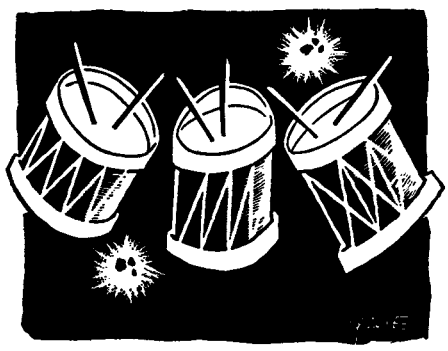
Dorls added at this point that the German people, apparently because of some mystic quality of soul that he did not bother to define, are happy only under a powerful executive authority fixed on a pinnacle far above their heads. As he put it, "The German people require a master, a ruler who stands above the common man."

I asked Dorls to describe the type of government he felt would be most suitable for Germany. He hesitated at first. He was positive, he said, that the present government would not do at all, but plans for the ideal government, as visualized by the S.R.P., were still on the drawing board and the outlines were still subject to change.

A Few Slight Changes

Then, warming to the sound of his own voice, in rapid-fire order he outlined and rejected for Germany the American system, the British constitutional monarchy, and the Bismarckian system which prevailed after 1870. None of these was quite what he had in mind, Dorls said, although the American system might do, with some modifications to meet Germany's special needs.

The modifications he offered included election of a President on a



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nonparty ticket, candidates being confined to "men commanding universal respect," and the appointment by the President of a Chancellor who would conduct the day-to-day affairs of government and be responsible to the President but only "responsive" to the Parliament.

Such a system, additionally modified to include a President elected for life or, perhaps better still, a ruling monarch, might do nicely for Germany. Still, Dorls allowed meditatively that it was not quite what the S.R.P. had in mind.

I took the plunge. How about the Hitler Government of 1933-1945?

Dorls's face lit up. That, he admitted, was about what he had in mind—"but, of course, without the unpleasant aspects such as persecution of the Jews and the concentration camps.

"We must never forget," he continued animatedly, "that the Nazi Government brought many benefits to the German people. Some Germans would like to forget that 1933-1945 ever happened, but we cannot throw away thirteen of the most glorious years of German history. . . . For the first time Germany enjoyed unity and political harmony. The terrible dividing party quarrels of the Weimar Republic—which have started again in Bonn—were eliminated."

But Dorls feels that Hitler did make one big mistake. He should not have combined in his own person the two offices of President and Chancellor. "If Hitler had kept the two posts separate," he said, "his Government would have given greater satisfaction and accomplished more.

"Germany would have been better off," Dorls explained, "if Hitler had taken the Presidency and appointed Dr. Goebbels or Hermann Goering as Chancellor. Then the Führer would not have been responsible for the Government's mistakes and could have reorganized it and carried on under another Chancellor when it failed." To Dorls, of course, the only unforgivable failure of Hitler's Government was Germany's loss of the war.

Reform (Slightly Belated)

"As a matter of fact, at the end, when it was already too late," he continued, "Hitler realized his mistake. You remember that just before the Führer died he drew up a political testament, appointing Admiral Doenitz President and Dr. Goebbels Chancellor. Unfortunately, the military situation made it impossible to carry out Hitler's plans."

Dorls next informed me, in a magnanimous mood, that he and his party bear no ill will whatever toward Germany's remaining Jews. Anyway, he pointed out, "Germany no longer has a Jewish problem. As a result of 1933-1945 there are practically no Jews left in Germany today. The problem is solved."

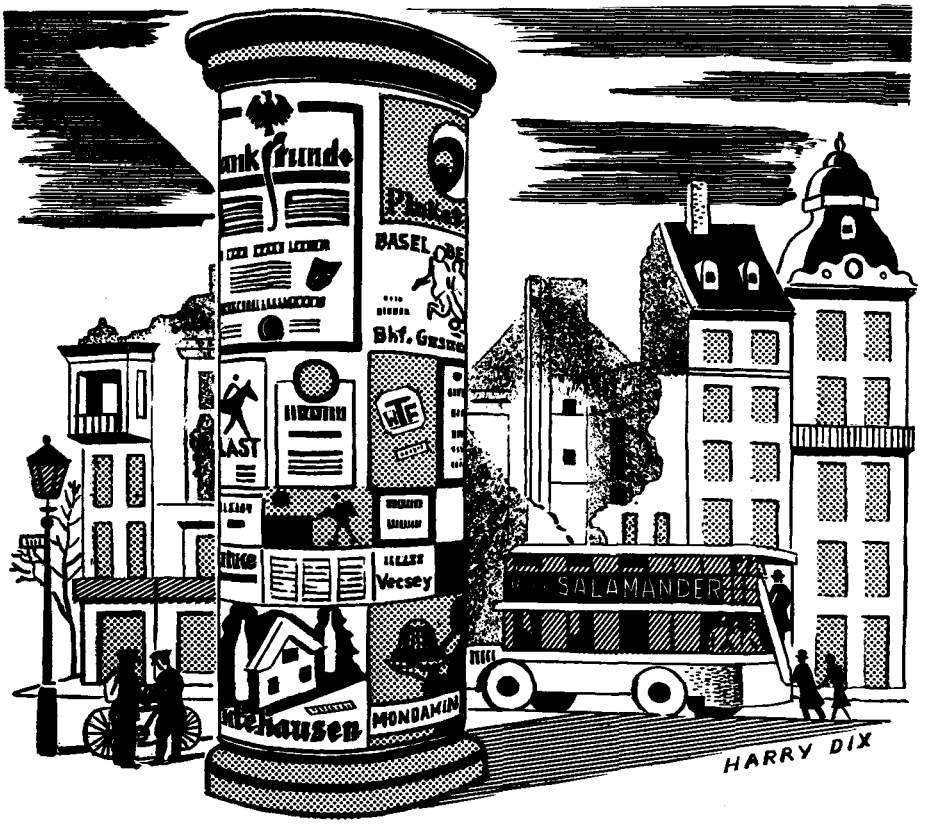
The foreign policy advocated by the Socialist Reich Party, as Dorls explained it, is simple. The party demands the withdrawal of both the United States and the Soviet Union from western Europe. This withdrawal, it says, will allow the area to develop "peacefully" with German guidance. And, Dorls added, the S.R.P. believes that if U.S. forces go home first the Russians will surely follow suit.

Before I left I asked Dorls what he thought of the Bonn Government's plan to outlaw his party on the grounds that it is undemocratic and represents a return to Nazism.

Who, Us?

He laughed toothily and shrugged his shoulders. "After this talk of ours," he said, "you realize how wrong the Government is. Why, trying to ban us proves that they themselves aren't good democrats. Besides, if they do outlaw the S.R.P., the only nationalist, authoritarian political party in Germany today, the German people will respond by going Communist."

I bade Dorls good-by, trying to remember where I had heard that threat before.



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The Women Behind Congress

GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE MOST influential woman in Washington has no name and cannot have one. If you gave her a name she would instantly cease to be influential and probably would not long remain in Washington. She is effective because, and as long as, she is anonymous; unlike most Washington figures, she seeks to conceal, not advertise, her identity. Publicly and officially she is not a woman at all, and not even an individual; she is part of the complex entity that you and I know as a member of Congress.

Perhaps you want something out of Washington, something quite legitimate, such as the name and address of the consul at Rotterdam, or information about a new tax law, or an introduction to the official who buys paperclips for the government. You write to your Congressman about it, and what you want done is done, promptly, courteously, efficiently. You will very likely say to yourself "That is an excellent Congressman; I will vote for him again."

But suppose you were aware that your letter had never been seen by the Congressman, and that all the work had been done by a woman secretary. You would still think it a good job, but you would feel no particular obligation to vote for the Congressman next time. The woman's value to the member would be reduced, and soon he would be looking for another who knew how to keep herself in the background.

Thus has been created the profession of Congressional Secretary, which is by no means the same as a secretary to a Congressman. Washington is full of men who are secretaries to members of Congress, but few, if any, are true Congressional Secretaries. For the most part they are careerists, holding a secretary's job for a year or two to gain experience that will make them eligible for something they consider better.

The typical Congressional Secretary has adapted herself to the necessities of the job, not to the quirks and humors

of a particular member. For Congressmen all are one in the ambition that lies at their hearts' core, to wit, the desire to hold their seats, at least until they can become ambassadors, judges, or Cabinet members.

It isn't by thundering orations on the floor of the House that a member garners the necessary votes. It is by rendering services, most of them small, many of them odd, but all of a sort that will yield fruit on election day.

Midnight Alarms

At two o'clock one morning the secretary's phone rings and an agitated voice gabbles, "This is Mrs. Martin Whosit, phoning from my home in Sequoia County. My fourteen-year-old daughter and her best friend have run off with a pair of high-school boys in their father's car and they seem to be heading for Washington. Get the Congressman to stop them, and for Heaven's sake keep it out of the newspapers!"

The secretary climbs wearily out of bed—for this is the kind of thing that can't be handled over the telephone—and makes her way to Washington police headquarters. The captain on night duty understands and promises to help. He proves only too efficient; at four he is on the phone announcing that he has picked up the kids. Then follows more phoning, to arrange for keeping them overnight in a refuge home, rather than in cells in a police station. The secretary must be at the home by 7:30 the next morning to sign the necessary papers. So between 4:30 and 5 the secretary can put through a final call: "Mrs. Whosit? Congressman Blynkyn's office calling. The Congressman instructs me to tell you that you can quit worrying. He has found the children and put them in a safe place for the night; all you need do is come to his office tomorrow and his secretary will take you to where they are. . . . Oh, no need for thanks. The Congressman is always happy to do anything he can for such loyal supporters as you and Mr. Whosit."

Of course Blynkyn has been happily in his bed all this time. At ten the next morning, brisk, debonair, refreshed by a good eight hours' sleep, he will breeze into his office and be informed by a haggard secretary that he has been up all night rescuing runaways, for which he will later accept the credit with a graceful modesty that charms the Whosits.

Sometimes it is the Congressman who is routed from bed. The French Embassy might, for instance, have given a party the night before, and parties at the French Embassy are often very cheery indeed. The secretary compares her watch with the big electric clock and picks up the phone.

"That delegation about the location of the Squeedunk post office is due at one and you have promised to meet them. . . . Sure, I know you're sick, but don't forget that the Tinkers' and Solderers' Relief bill comes to a vote this afternoon and it's going to be a close thing; no absentees permitted."

So the delegation from Squeedunk finds the member on hand, and is impressed by the fact that he is so obliging, although it is apparent from his pallid cheek and lackluster eye that

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he is almost crushed by the burden of international affairs; and the party whip congratulates himself that Blynkyn is one man who can be relied on to be there when an important roll call starts.

Bores in the Afternoon

The member whose secretary knows Who and What—Who is important in the District, and What is important in the House—really has no excuse for failure.

Here comes, for instance, an appalling bore, void of either ideas or information, whose brother-in-law can deliver a hundred and fifty votes back in the district.

"Oh, Mr. Johnson, how nice to see you!" exclaims the secretary, advancing with her right hand extended cordially, and her left behind her back waggling frantically at the stenographer in one corner of the office. That little person drifts toward the door as aimlessly as a dead leaf lifted by a breeze.

"The Congressman will be distressed," continues the secretary, as the stenographer fades into the corridor. "They sent for him to go to the State Department not fifteen minutes ago. But he was *so* hoping to see you the first time you came to Washington."

In the meantime, the mousy stenographer has made it to the Congressman's private office by way of the corridor, and has interrupted Representative Wynkyn's after-lunch nap.

"That Johnson pest is in the outer office," she whispers. "Belle is getting rid of him and will buzz you when the coast is clear. But for God's sake don't stick your head through the door until you hear the buzzer, because you are at the State Department."

A moment later she drifts back into the outer office with a couple of bottles of Coca-Cola. Presently, soothed by a soft drink and softer words, the bore is on his way, regretting that Congressman Wynkyn lost the opportunity to get a lot of good advice, but admitting that matters of international import must come first.

A first-rate secretary employs the brush-off, even the artistic brush-off, as rarely as possible, for personal contact is the best of political implements. Yet people, including important people, do arrive when the member really is away; and then comes another test for the secretary.

If you wish to know which members are going to be in Washington for a long time to come, go into the House or Senate Office Building, and take careful note of your feelings as you leave the quarters of those members you asked for but did not see.

If you leave an office perfectly aware that you got a brush-off, even if it was politely applied, you will be conservative if you wager 2 to 1 that that member will never be dean of his branch of Congress.

But if you leave almost persuaded that when the member learns that he has missed you he will convene a Lodge of Sorrow and wail for a se'nnight, then you may lay reasonable odds that that Congressman will be there until the snows of age have frosted his head. For he has a secretary who knows her business; and so he is fortified.

And Influence Always

The power wielded by the Congressional Secretary is strictly unofficial, not recognized by law and flatly denied by custom; but if you think it isn't real, you simply don't know your Washington. One proof of this is the existence of highly intelligent women who have stuck to the business for twenty-five and thirty years, although it is not conspicuously well paid and is conspicuously lacking in prestige. When you see an exceptionally able person, man or woman, spending a lifetime in a job that offers little either of cash or kudos, then you may safely infer that the job offers power of some kind. Money, prestige, and power are three rewards that have always appealed to the intelligent; and many of the ablest minds have preferred power to either of the other two.

There are members who have remained in Congress for long periods without exerting any influence on legislation, but who have won re-election consistently by devoting themselves to representing their constituents before the administrative departments, and these may be presumed to have little need of secretaries. But where you see a man who has held his seat through many campaigns and has also made a distinguished record in legislation, look for the woman.

The eloquence of Demosthenes plus the craft of Talleyrand never won a man six, or ten, or eighteen political campaigns. If he is re-elected as regularly as sunrise, look for the woman. She may not be the titular secretary. The member may have a male greeter in his office, whom he changes every term. The real trouble shooter may bear only the title of clerk or stenographer, and it is not unheard of for her title to be that of wife; but she is somewhere around. The member knows it. His colleagues know it. The veteran correspondents know it; and if they say nothing it is because it would spoil her game if they named her.

But as for influence, all the females who haunt the embassies and chatter at cocktail parties from Connecticut Avenue to the farthest reaches of Chevy Chase can never be in her class.

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'Dear Mary Haworth—'

BEVERLEY BOWIE

A BRITISH schoolboy recently wrote an essay on the increase in the number of twins being born these days. His explanation: "Little children no longer dare to enter this world alone."

For those who have already entered it, and who have found it as frightening and perplexing a place as the schoolboy inferred it was, a problem of sanctuary has arisen. With the decline in influence of the pulpit, the confessional, and even the Good Gray Family Doctor, and with the growing complexity of urban life, the harassed citizen has become accustomed to taking his troubles to some rather unlikely oracles—including the syndicated newspaper columnist who answers personal mail in public.

The Freudian Rabbit Punch

That the millions of Americans who write to and follow such columns are not wholly composed of the credulous and the cretinous is abundantly proved by the enduring success of a King Features Syndicate product known as "Mary Haworth's Mail," through which is dispensed a highly literate mixture of uplift and analysis eagerly consumed by a cult of some fifteen million readers, including noted doctors, lawyers, ministers, noblemen, social workers, and psychoanalysts.

Like most of her competitors in this field (Dorothy Dix, Beatrice Fairfax, Anne Hirst, Doris Blake, *et al.*), Mary Haworth offers her public a shoulder on which to weep. The incautious correspondent who takes her up on her offer may find, as his sobbing concludes, that he is being subjected in rebuttal to a series of Freudian rabbit punches. Miss Haworth's blurb used to read: "Personal: Problems solved, tears dried, hearts neatly mended. Apply Mary Haworth, care of the Washington *Post*." But the Haworth attitude in general is that the tears were absurd in the first place and that Band-Aids won't do for a broken heart. She is apt to recommend surgery—usually a trip to an authority variously billed as a "mental hygienist," a "good psychologist," or a "diagnostician with a sound analytic background."

Far from driving the patients away, this Procrustean-bedside manner apparently instills in them even greater confidence that Mary knows best, and wins her the devotion of an increasing horde of readers. The late Lord Lothian, when ambassador to this country, would not tackle his breakfast kippers without propping "Mary Haworth's Mail" on the table. A Belgian baroness, returning to America after a year's absence, told reporters she had missed nothing so much as the Haworth column. At the United States Naval Academy, plebes are required to read it as part of their hazing—and some of them continue to do so of their own accord.

Only a short time after it had first appeared in the *Post*, the column outranked Walter Lippmann and Drew Pearson in reader interest, and a grateful public was writing Miss Haworth mash notes for her "talents of spiritual wisdom and knifelike directness." One reader inquired: "What did they do with the mold when you were created?"

Reardon to Young to Haworth

Behind this paragon is a rather pretty forty-seven-year-old, 123-pound, gimlet-eyed little lady named Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Reardon Young. Born and brought up on an Ohio farm with six brothers and sisters, Miss Reardon shuttled through several jobs on small-town papers and in advertising agencies, finding her niche only after marrying a William Young, moving to Washington, D.C., and divorcing him. Left with two children to support, she joined the Washington *Post* in 1933 as a feature writer for the woman's page, and graduated shortly to the department's assistant editorship. Then came the break: The *Post* wanted to start a "human-interest" column, and Mary was tabbed.

She began with a sensible look at the competition. She was not much impressed. Most of those advising the lovelorn and the troubled seemed (a) to pussyfoot and sidestep, (b) to lack insight, (c) to show little enterprise in seeking expert counsel on their clients' plight. As a good reporter, Mary felt she could improve on (a) and (c); time would tell how much she could do about (b).

In her warm-up period, Miss Haworth (who chose the surname for its association with those "professional women" of another era, the Brontës of Haworth Parsonage) depended upon letters written by the *Post* staff. But the day came when a wife with a child of ten by a first marriage wrote in complaining bitterly of the nasty ways of her second husband. If she expected sympathy, she got a jolt. "You showed regrettable lack of backbone," wrote Miss Haworth, "in those instances when you sided with your husband against the child without justification. . . . By being a doormat you are courting decreasing consideration at his

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hands. . . . I would advise immediate separation."

Promptly, the public woke up to the presence of a new sage, a sage with a mind like a razor, a tongue like a file, and a willingness to use both. Letters poured in to the *Post;* Mary Haworth read them carefully and rolled up her dainty sleeves. Her readers had not seen anything yet.

Boots . . . Boots

In the succeeding years she belabored with unflagging gusto the "other woman," the nosy mother-in-law, the giddy flirt, the overbearing husband, the spineless wife. Rarely did she make the mistake of taking a correspondent's statements at their face value. "You say you are 'very much in love with him,' " she wrote one unsuspecting girl. "That is nonsense."

When another woman wrote temperately of her troubles with a difficult mate, Miss Haworth immediately detected "the possibility that your seeming magnanimity is a low form of cunning; a quicksand type of trap-setting; a sanctimonious ruse intended to deprive him of any clear-cut, black and white reasons, any demonstrable grounds, for taking himself off."

Possibly because she is a professed believer in the creed of most women's columns—to wit, that "Woman is, ordinarily, the more intuitive (infinitely the wiser) partner in marriage"—Miss Haworth takes particular umbrage at those wives who fail to recognize it and to insist on their rights. The epithets "doormat" and "boot-licker" have crackled through "Mary Haworth's Mail" from its inception. "A sterner sort of woman than yourself," she wrote one lady, "would rise up in righteous indignation at such bootless interference in her proper domain." Another is urged to stop "making a doormat wife of yourself" and to "get up off your face and stop licking his boots." Still another is told to "Stop snivelling . . . Stop licking your husband's boots . . . And if this means curtains to the marriage, so be it."

To another woman unhappily mated, the advice was different but equally firm: "Stay with this marriage, accepting it as a lifetime proposition." A daughter beset by a mother-in-law, however, was warned that the latter was "almost unbelievably small-minded and venomous, and the farther you stay away from her, the happier you will be."

Miss Haworth's rare excursions into the area heavily exploited by other lady columnists—polite suggestions on how a woman can make herself more attractive to men—have not always been fortunate. On one typical occasion, almost visibly holding herself in, she instructed a girl (anxious to interest a boy but not to have him paw her) to "keep him amused, diverted, mentally stimulated, with an easy flow of animated conversation, seasoned with either wit, high spirits, kindly and delineative gossip about people, or substantial information (brightly colored by one's individualistic slant) on current events."

So far, so good. But she could not refrain from adding: "If, however, it develops that he is such a blockhead, so insensitive, as to behave insolently—despite her having set a pace of gay impersonality—she should get rid of him as quickly as possible, without apology, and let him do the worrying (if any is done) about who wants to see whom again."

Method in Her Mayhem

It was inevitable, of course, that Miss Haworth's talents for flagellation, as well as her desire to do a responsible job, should bring her quickly into touch with the psychiatrists. The first contact, she seems proud to point out, came from the other side: A representative of the Washington Institute of Mental Hygiene called upon her and suggested that she might want to refer to the institute some of the troubled people who wrote to her.

Miss Haworth welcomed the idea and expanded on it. She not only sent cases to the institute but drew upon its staff for analysis of problems that bobbed up in her mail. This working relationship continued for years. It changed only recently, when the institute tactfully proposed that Miss Haworth arrange for a regular hour or two of consultation—and pay for it.

Miss Haworth's contacts, in any event, soon extended far beyond the institute. She elicited the help and interest of doctors, lawyers, social workers, tax experts, pediatricians, and other professional people in the Washington area and even beyond it. A forceful and loquacious woman, she charmed some, bulldozed others, and convinced all of them of her passionate sincerity. They came to recognize that while she might be caustic, she was never careless. If she indulged in occasional drubbings, there was method in her mayhem.

The psychiatrists in particular have had reason to be pleased with her—as well as slightly appalled. "I go as far as common sense will take me," she remarked once, "and then I turn to psychiatry." Readily picking up the prevailing theories of personality disorder and "emotional maturity," Miss Haworth quickly began to apply them with a vengeance. With increasing frequency she subjected her clients to thumbnail analyses tracing their difficulties back to what might now be called the Great American Heritage—an unhappy childhood.

Whether the diagnosis in question was accurate or not, only God and the patient might know; but to the psychiatrists it often seemed plausible. At any rate, it served to get over to the public, they thought, an approach to mental health which deserved the widest currency.

Wrote one such professional, a Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association: "I read your column daily and am very much impressed by the wisdom of your advice . . . You are taking dynamic psychiatry to the public in non-technical terms, which psychoanalysts have failed to do, and are therefore performing an invaluable service to the public, and to psychiatry."

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Another, considered the dean of Washington analysts, has praised her intuition, her broad receptivity, her honesty; he rates her as a pioneer in the fight to educate Americans in certain "spiritual and psychological truths." A third doctor wrote her that a depressed and suicidal patient of his had resisted psychotherapy until he had chanced upon "Mary Haworth's Mail." "It then dawned upon him that he had a personality . . ."

The Dimmer View

Not all psychiatrists and social workers, however, are quite so sure Miss Haworth's column is an unmixed blessing for humanity. While cheerfully conceding that she does the job better than anyone else in the field, they wonder sometimes whether it should be done at all. There is, they point out, something rather preposterous about this form of mail-order psychiatry, in which, on the basis of one letter, an untrained layman appraises the character structure of a complete stranger, often tossing in for good measure an off-the-cuff portrait of the stranger's mate, mother, or progeny, plus a strong prescription for action.

It is not merely that most psychiatrists (despite years of clinical experience) would hesitate to pronounce such sweeping conclusions without having all the facts at hand and without exhaustive interviews of those concerned. Even if they had confidence in their snap judgments, they would doubt the efficacy of hurling them smack at a patient's head. The essence of therapy, they assert, is the slow and artful development of insight. To bludgeon the patient with the unpalatable verdict *first* is to reverse the whole process, to invite his resistance, and to block his opportunity to "discover" the truth about himself by himself.

It's true, the analysts admit, that a great many of the people who write to (and read) such columnists as Mary Haworth are probably insecure and dependent persons who get a considerable "lift" out of being scolded and told precisely what to do. Such verbal punishment may relieve them of a measure of guilt. But, far from altering their basic dependency, it may even strengthen it.

More serious, according to one psychiatrist, is the possible effect on some psychotic individuals of the sudden

demolition of their defenses. "A person who has invested a lifetime in concealing from himself abnormalities or inversions of which he sternly disapproves may be profoundly disturbed if they are suddenly brought to the level of his awareness, with no preparation whatever. Suicide is not out of the question at all."

The doctor could well have been thinking of a column Miss Haworth wrote in 1941. A twenty-year-old had described in an anxious way his difficulty in capturing and holding the friendship of other young men. To which Miss Haworth rapped out this reply: "The hysterical urgency of your professed desire to be robustly accepted by men as a man among men, just isn't natural. It is emotionally unhealthy and raises a question as to the essential masculinity of your attitude toward life. There are elements of the 'sissy' in your performance as described and your frustrated neurotic's reaction to men's cheerful indifference to you suggests that you may be veering, unawarely, toward the emotional inversion of homosexuality. It may be that men sense something unhealthy, nonvital, not up to psychic par, in your sickly, nervous efforts to win their approbation and 'be one of the boys'—and instinctively turn aside from you as healthy youth invariably shrinks from depressing contacts and unsightly spectacles."

God and Psychiatry

According to veteran Haworth readers, such public horsewhippings have become mercifully fewer in the last two or three years. They detect in the oracle a mellowing toward her correspondents, a tendency to sermonize where once she scarified. This spring a lady wrote her to ask, "Why don't we try God? . . . For example, I was riding recently in a timber race, supposedly the stiffest course in the world that a woman can ride, and to my great surprise I felt the divine presence as my horse galloped across a field . . ."

To which Miss Haworth merely countered: "Your comment mirrors a popular misconception, namely, that a quarrel supposedly exists between religion and psychiatry, as instruments of soul-saving," and went on to deliver a reproving lecture on their unity.

Possibly the strain of riding this team tandem has left Miss Haworth with somewhat less than the usual reserves to meet the strains of ordinary life. At all events, her secretaries (of whom she averages, in some years, one a month) have found her not quite the emotionally mature, socially adjusted, and spiritually serene archetype of her columns. One, in fact, declared, "For a person advising others, she's fantastically insecure herself"; and another added bluntly, "She's about the most neurotic woman I ever met."

With scarcely a qualm, the Haworth of the column cuts the Gordian knots that tangle others' lives; the office Haworth, apparently, finds it next to impossible to decide what kind of stationery to order, or how much. The readers' Haworth is democratic, receptive, openhanded. The Haworth of the Press Building maintains a caste barrier between "us professional women" and the hired help, flares up at the faintest hint of criticism, and once went far out of her way to block a departing secretary's chances of drawing unemployment compensation.

No such contradictions, fortunately, seem to go home with Miss Haworth. In her comfortable Washington apartment she is Mrs. Young, the competent mother of two grown-up girls. They do not read her column. "We don't, because we're happy. We don't like to read all about those sad things."

Some of the girls' friends do, however. One girl, spending a weekend recently at the Youngs', was discovered in the Haworth study enthusiastically necking with her boy friend. With remarkable presence of mind, the girl looked up and cooed: "Dear Mary Haworth—What would *you* say if your hostess suddenly walked in and then found . . ."

Miss Haworth told her.

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Perón's Unholy Alliance with Labor

The easy old faith in the working class as a bulwark of democracy has been shaken by yet another dictator

THEODORE DRAPER

THE PERON ERA, by Robert J. Alexander. *Columbia University Press. $3.50.*

IN HIS very first public statement after his recent re-election, President Juan Domingo Perón told a group of Argentine labor leaders: "We are moving toward a state governed by the trade unions, the Syndicalist State, which has long been a dream of humanity." Was he serious? Serious or not, why should he say such a thing?

The problem is far bigger than Perón. It has also been the problem of Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin. In one form or another, all twentieth-century dictatorships have to win over the working class as well as the middle class to seize power or at least to stay in power. It is this phenomenon that distinguishes the contemporary dictatorship from the older ones. The implications are so unpleasant that the prevailing "left-wing" ideologies, whether Marxist or non-Marxist in origin, have hardly begun to grapple with them.

When dictatorships used to be both politically and socially reactionary, the choice was easy. It was possible to believe that the fulfillment of the material interests of the working class had to bring about the fulfillment of political democracy. This was the faith of nineteenth-century Marxism, which more or less permeated all "progressive" movements. The working class was the bulwark of democracy.

But what if dictatorships paid off socially? What would the "material interests" say then?

The Wooing of Labor

It is to Peronism that we owe the fullest expression of this harsh, new, confusing problem in our hemisphere. And we are indebted to Robert J. Alexander, assistant professor of economics at Rutgers, for making the materials available with a merciful minimum of wishful thinking. If *The Perón Era* is somewhat too academic to be exciting, its clear, well-organized, and authoritative research is a welcome relief from the usual journalistic potboiler.

"The Perón administration has rested on three pillars: the Army, the Church, and Organized Labor," Dr. Alexander writes. "It is the last of these which has given Perón his wide popular support." He also points out that "the group which is the key" to Perón's continued power is the workers. Perhaps Dr. Alexander's most valuable contribution is to show how Perón deliberately set out to win over the labor movement, how well he succeeded, and how he could not have seized power in the first place without the trade unions.

A régime based on the Army and the Church would be no novelty. Since Dr. Alexander's sympathies are clearly with the labor movement in the traditional sense, it is to his credit that he has traced the relation of Perón and the Argentine trade unions with such candor and objectivity. If we had been made more keenly aware of Hitler's success with the German workers or Mussolini's with the Italian—instead of tolerating a vast literature of self-deception—the free world might have been saved some costly illusions.

In Alexander's work, we have a veritable textbook on the technique of winning over a working class to a dictatorship.

A smart, ambitious army officer deliberately chooses a dormant National Labor Department as the key to his rise to power. He issues enough decrees in two short years to convert Argentina "from the most backward country in South America in social insurance matters to one of the most advanced." He admittedly forces up wages faster than prices in a period of inflation. Old unions which bargain "collectively" through him are delighted to find that the government is running interference for them. He inspires new unions in industries that never tolerated them before. Labor leaders are eagerly cultivated, offered lucrative jobs, given a heady sense of their own importance, or ruthlessly broken if they refuse to play his game.

Labor's Part

In return, the labor movement comes to his rescue in his hour of need. When a military-industrialist-landlord coalition revolts against the régime of which he has become Vice-President, he appeals to labor, and his faithful workers march on the capital to put down the uprising. His campaign for the Presidency is waged by the Partido Laborista, headed by two trade-union leaders. He is swept into office "by the largest electoral vote in the country's history and by a substantial popular majority"—an honestly elected dictator. Three Peronista labor leaders are rewarded with Cabinet posts. For a while, even the Communists jump on the band wagon.

But once in power a Perón is not satisfied merely to pay the labor movement; he must buy and own it outright. Dr. Alexander refers to the symbolic story of Cipriano Reyes, head of the packing-house workers' union, "successively a Socialist, an anarchist, and a Peronista," who set in motion the march on Buenos Aires that saved Perón before the 1946 election. When Reyes opposed transforming the Partido Laborista into the Partido Peronista, however, he was conveniently implicated in an alleged plot to assas-

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sinate El Líder in 1948. He is still being held in jail without trial. As the railway strike early this year showed, some workers can still be provoked into open resistance. Yet it is significant that Perón speedily increases his bribes to organized labor whenever his three pillars get shaky. He is now promising it the syndicalist state.

The rest of Peronism is more familiar —political suffocation, cultural stultification, rampant nationalism, and of course the ineffable Evita. But Dr. Alexander himself hints at where "the real lesson of Argentina's experience for the Liberals" must be sought. He writes:

"If the Liberals want to call Perón 'fascist,' that is well and good. However, they should recognize the nature of the appeal which he has made. They should realize the implications of the fact that the people of once-proud Argentina were willing to sell their liberty for supposed economic and social benefits."

Well, what are the implications?

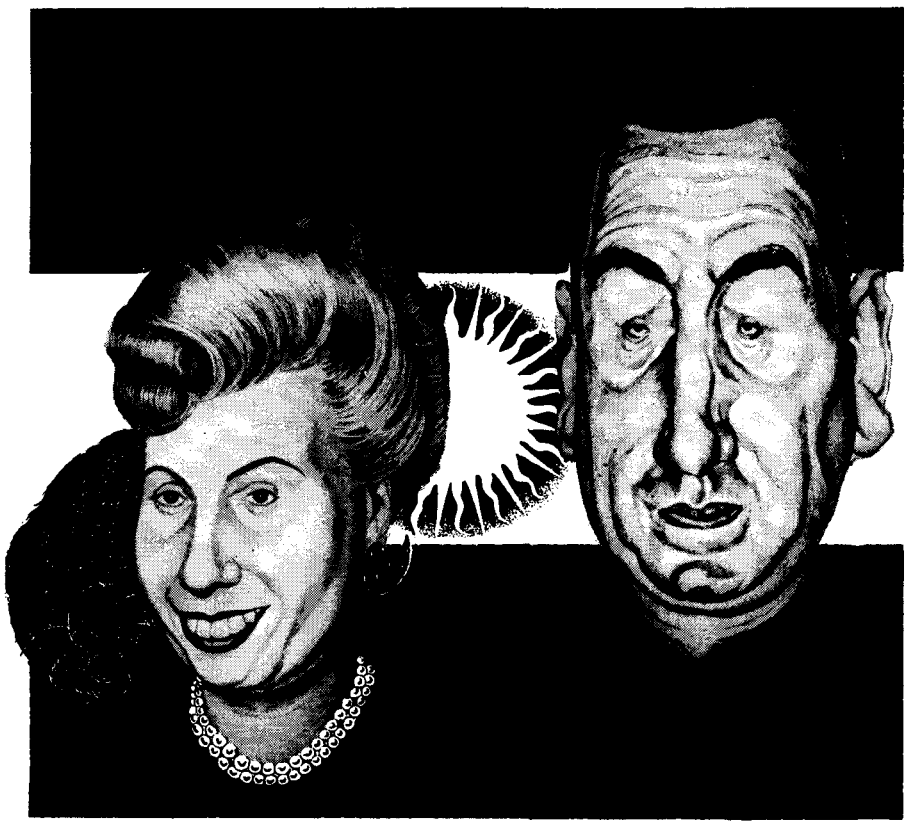
The Bribe

For one thing, we might not be so squeamish. If Perón gave the workers merely "supposed" benefits, the threat of systems like his would be much less dangerous than it is. It would imply that the Argentine workers have been taken in by a gigantic deception, that they are somewhat feeble-minded. But, as Dr. Alexander himself makes clear, there is nothing "supposed" about Perón's economic and social benefits. They are real enough, especially when compared with what previous régimes have offered. We cannot take refuge in other people's stupidity.

The most horrible example of this type of self-deception was the Communist myth of the 1930's that only the German working class had been more or less immune to the Nazi "illusion." The sequel was savagely ironic. It is not generally known that, when the Russians had to fight for Berlin in 1945, they found to their dismay that the fiercest resistance came from the proletarian quarters of the German capital. A house-to-house battle had to be waged for these sections, and they still show the effects of a desperate struggle in a lost cause—particularly in the Soviet sector. At the final moment, the German workers fought harder and longer than any other class.

If there were nothing but empty propaganda behind Perón's or Hitler's or Stalin's success, we could take comfort in the hope that all we need is some equally empty counter-propaganda. In fact, there is an increasing clamor in our press for new, mysterious, irresistible "ideas," as if we would ever be permitted to get off so cheaply. If we paid more attention to the more embarrassing facts, we might not need such magical ideas.

Despite the over-all achievement of the Marshall Plan, with governments and traditional cultural ties in our favor, the working classes of France and Italy are still by and large loyal to the Communist movement. Does this mean that the French and Italian workers are feeble-minded? Or should we give them credit for knowing in their heads as well as their pocketbooks that, after the best part of the Marshall Plan had run its course, a survey of comparative incomes in France indicated that the peasants and commercial classes had increased their share of the national output while the working class's portion had actually fallen drastically? Could it be that we could be smarter?



Sick of 'Ideas'?

Dr. Alexander discusses Peronism primarily as an Argentine phenomenon, though he reminds us that Perón in his formative years paid a visit to Fascist Italy and that Perón's army clique, El Grupo de Oficiales Unidos, was aggressively pro-Axis during the past war. To my mind, however, his book is an excellent starting point for re-examining perhaps the most difficult, delicate, and decisive problem of our times. It is impossible to understand the nature of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and Perón without recognizing the key role played in different ways by the working class in their countries and without opening our minds to some disconcerting implications.

The grim, rocky truth may be that the working class in more than one place is sick to death of "ideas." Too many have proved pious frauds, if not worse. In the general decay of ideologies, the most oppressive of ideologies has a good chance of coming out on top if it pays off sufficiently. The nineteenth-century faith was that the working class had to be politically democratic in its own interests. The twentieth century seems to say that the workers cannot be had so easily, that they demand something on account—from any side.

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Next-to-Last Supper

A BRAND-NEW painting, advertised as "An exact re-creation of Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece *The Last Supper,*" was recently given a press preview—an honor that was probably not accorded the original—and the spectacle brightened an otherwise lackluster fall afternoon. Entering the exhibition room, I took up a position at the bar, received a drink, and began my study of the re-creation, which was about the size of a billboard.

Leonardo's painting, I read in a press handout, "has faded rapidly through the years until several parts are undistinguishable." Using live models, the contemporary artist had re-created the undistinguishable parts of the masterpiece, simply putting himself in Leonardo's shoes and painting like Leonardo. Easiest thing in the world.

The man standing next to me at the bar wore a full beard and long hair. Except for his electric-blue batwing bow tie, his shirt of striped pink and gray, and his double-breasted pin-stripe suit, my companion resembled very much the central figure of the painting before us, and he readily acknowledged that he had, indeed, posed for that particular portrait. I asked him if any other models for the re-creation were in the crowd, and he introduced me to a Miss Elliot, who made the artistic merits of anything else in the room seem pale. Miss Elliot, it turned out, had posed for the hands of SS. Matthew, Thaddeus, and Simon, an imaginative use of her talents which would certainly never have occurred to your run-of-the-mill painter. Miss Elliot held out her hands, and the man who had posed for Christ and I looked at them appreciatively.

The man who had posed for Christ next introduced me to the painter, Lumen Winter, a former political cartoonist for the Grand Rapids *Herald.* Winter, a good-looking man with prematurely gray hair, was immediately interrupted by a young man who did not need to be identified as a press agent. "I've got it all fixed for Mayor Impellitteri to be here Friday," he announced precipitately. "But you've *got* to send him a personal invitation or the whole thing will fall through."

When the general excitement had subsided, I asked Winter how much time he had spent on the re-creation. "Well, of course, we first spent several weeks doing research in Italy. Did you know we had an audience with the Pope?" I asked him how long the painting itself had taken. "You see, I had two assistants and a mathematician to diagnose some of da Vinci's angles. He was quite a scientist. Did you know that?" I asked about the actual time spent painting. "Six months," Winter said. "But it was fifteen hours a day." Da Vinci himself, he told me, had put in four years on the original. "But it was only off and on," he added. "It wasn't what you'd call steady production."

By this time most of the people were standing in small groups, the way people do at large cocktail parties, talking, laughing, and occasionally going to the bar for refills. Winter pointed out a middle-aged man, who was standing alone before the painting, as his patron.

Albert Holton, who commissioned the re-creation, is a lawyer from Miami who, by his own admission, has done well in real estate throughout the South. He showed me some snapshots of the plot of ground on which he has built a small museum to house the re-creation. It is just north of Miami on Route 1. I asked Holton how he had happened to get interested in art. "I dreamed it," he said quietly and with a trace of humor. "Last January I dreamed that I was the only man in the world who owned a real *Last Supper.* I got right up and went down to the kitchen and drank about three pots of coffee, and I decided right then to go ahead with it." I asked him if he was satisfied with the result. Holton looked up at his huge canvas for a moment. "Yes," he said positively, "I'm tickled to death with it."

At the bar, I picked up the man who had posed for Christ, and a second man who did not need to be identified as a press agent joined us to declare: "You know what I think? I think they should have served nothing but bread and wine on an occasion like this. The press is fed up with this sort of stuff." He chose a canapé of smoked salmon covered with shredded olives and bordered with a delicate line of cream cheese.

The colored waiter who filled my glass said heartily, "I'll really have to go back and study up on those apostles and all that. I used to hear about them all the time when I was little, but now, I don't know, they've just slipped away from me somehow." He stared up at the painting with the same unaffected thoughtfulness I had seen on the face of its owner. "It sure is a pretty picture," the waiter said.

I looked around to find the man who had posed for Christ, but he was standing next to Miss Elliot beneath his portrait, shooting his cuffs and arranging his features in a spiritual expression for some publicity stills. I had wanted to ask him if he agreed with me that beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

—ROBERT K. BINGHAM

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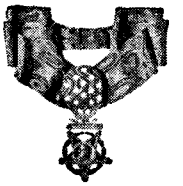

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